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YOU MAY BE THE CANCER TYPE! — page 21

THE DANCER AND THE DIPLOMAT — page 4



PETER HARGRAVES

she could not dance well enough for classical ballet, but her beauty made her the toast of all Europe.

ANTONIO RUIZ, the Director of Dancing at the Teatro del Principe in Madrid, sighted one morning late in 1880 at the employment his necessary duty that confronted him. For two hours he had been testing a vivacious, beautiful, 18-year-old Andalusian half-gypsy girl for a position in the theatre's famed ballet.

Now he had to reveal that her ability was no more than mediocre and, while she would probably get many engagements on other stages where the patrons paid for beauty rather than dancing, there could never be a place for her at the Teatro del Principe.

A strange-looking pair, who now

sat watching with adoring eyes at the dance, had brought the girl to Ruiz and demanded an audition. They were her mother—a plump, voluble, middle-aged old clothes dealer selling second Cataline Ortiaga—and her mother's friend, Manuel Lopez, a former charred-burner, headst and scumpler, but now a scabber.

Cataline's dancing daughter, by her deceased brother Pedro Dorcel, a baron of Melaga, was named Joaquin. Generally called Pepita, a Spanish colloquial form of Joaquin, she was shortly to enter into a romantic and tempestuous liaison with an aristocrat English diplomat.

When told the Director's decision,

Cataline Ortiaga flew into a rant. Was this, she screamed, the reward for her scrapping and striving to pay for Pepita's dancing lessons and the expensive silk dress she had bought specially for the audition?

Rebuked, Ruiz, as well as Pedro and Manuel Lopez, tried to pacify the crossed woman. As a last resort, the Director relented and said that if the girl went on with her lessons for a few more months he would see her again. He even volunteered to send one of his own skilled male dancers, Juan Antonio Oliva, to her house to provide the tuition.

Satisfied with this arrangement, the trio returned home to await the coming of Pepita's tutor. He proved to be a handsome, virile young Spaniard only a year older than his pupil, with whom he immediately fell head over heels in love.

One reason for Juan Oliva's attachment by Pepita may have been the romantic romance current in the district about her birth. A tall gypsy, Cataline Ortiaga as a girl was reputed to have been the mistress of the Duke of Guzman. Many gave him the honour of being Pepita's father, instead of the father Pedro Dorcel.

The prospect of linking himself, even remotely, with the fabulous Duke of Guzman would be an alluring one to the ambitious, social-conscious dancer, Oliva. A direct descendant of the Hargens on the Spanish side, the Duke still lived in the grand manner of his forebears. The splendour and extravagance of his household were legendary. He was so wealthy that he was able to travel from Madrid to Warsaw by coach and sleep in one of his own carriages each night on the way.

The magnificence of such a noble and powerful old grandee befriending a child to a poor, ragged, glibby, streetwise gypsy girl—as Cataline Ortiaga had been—was not retained by the neighbours to whom Pepita's mother whispered the story.

Despite Oliva's tutelage for a full year, Pepita could not improve her dancing sufficiently to make Antonio Ruiz take her into the ballet at the Teatro del Principe. All Oliva's pleading for her could not make him change his mind that the girl just did not have the necessary talent.

Stranged and out of loyalty to Pepita, Oliva resigned his own position in the company. On January 15, 1881, they were married. Then, accompanied by Cataline Ortiaga and Manuel Lopez, the couple set out for Valencia, where Juan had the offer of a new engagement for himself.

Some weeks later, Juan Oliva returned to Madrid—alone. The idyllic love match between himself and Pepita was shattered. Although they did not secure a divorce, they were never to resume married life together.

For a few months after the separation, Pepita's friends in Madrid heard nothing of her. Then suddenly her name was blazoned through Europe. She was famous, successful and earning fabulous sums in Germany, France, Italy, and England as an exotic Spanish dancer, "The Star of Andalusine". The girl who could not get a job in Spain was acclaimed as "the greatest artist to cross the Pyrenees".

After Oliva had left, Pepita made up her mind to test the opinion of Antonio Ruiz, that she would be a great success where the seduction depended on charm, personality and beauty rather than actual dancing ability. So leaving

her mother and Lopez, she packed her dancing dresses and took a coach to Barcelona, where she was immediately engaged in the leading theatre as a star attraction.

From there she went from one engagement to another, her popularity with entrepreneurs and audiences growing with each fresh appearance.

At Copenhagen, enthusiastic devotion exhibited the forces of her carriage and drew it through the streets themselves. The usual stolid Germans acclaimed her in Frankfurt, Stuttgart and Berlin.

In London, on May 22, 1834, the Times announced: "First appearance of the Spanish dancer, Donna Pepita Oliva, direct from the Teatro del Principe". Actually Pepita's only performance there had been the unhappy addition only a little more than two years before.

From her earnings, Pepita and generous uncle back to her mother, who had been continuing her dealings in second-hand clothes in Valencia since the break-up of her daughter's marriage.

Soon Carolina, accompanied by Manuel Lopez, was able to go to the little village of Alcala, near Granada, buy a house, arrange servants and assume the life of a lady of wealth and position.

It was during her sojourn at Stuttgart in Germany that Pepita met the young British Embassy attaché with whom she was to fall madly in love and begin a romance that set half the tongues in Europe wagging.

The son of the Earl de la Warr and later to become Lord Rockville, his name was Lionel Rockville-West. Years afterwards Rockville-West revealed they had fallen in love at first sight.

In Alcala, Carolina spent most of her time hoisting of her famous daughter. All the tradespeople and neighbours were regaled with tales of the large sums of money she earned.

Carolina boasted of Pepita's conquests in love. Sometimes she sent the recipient of Pepita's favours some merely a mysterious "foreign prince". At others she stated he was the Prince of Metternich, the Prince of Bavaria or even the Emperor of Germany.

"That there was no such person as the Emperor of Germany at that time," it has been pointed out, "made no difference to Carolina. She had merely invented him some 15 years before he came into actual existence."

Although Pepita's acquaintance with the German nobility was neither as wide nor as intimate as her mother claimed, she did transfer her affections to a "foreign prince" for a few months in 1834. She was quite unable to remain faithful to one man consistently, however much she might love him both before and after the many temporary affairs into which the strategy of Rockville-West knew her fallings. He was always ready to let her return to him without a word of reproach.

The affair with the "foreign prince" occurred when Pepita went off to Munich to fulfil a theatrical engagement. Lionel, busy with Embassy affairs, had to remain behind and had resorted himself to an unavoidable period of enforced celibacy.

Not not as Pepita. "I was in Berlin," Rockville-West later said, "when I heard that Pepita was living with Prince Youscouff at Munich. I meant to quarrel with the fellow,

but was persuaded not to by an old servant.

"Trusted I would to Pepita, unpostulating with her on her conduct. She answered by letter, begging me not to make trouble, saying she was going to leave Youscouff, which she did."

An appointment to the Paris Embassy enabled Rockville-West to set up Pepita as a permanent shock. He purchased a house at Arcachon and wanted her and their children there as often as he could get away from his duties.

As she grew older, Pepita developed a passion for respectability. She could never marry Lionel, as her own and Juan Oliva's religious scruples prevented them getting a divorce but she could sell herself a noblewoman and have done with "Courtship West" and the Rockville coat of arms printed on them.

"The pathetic part," her granddaughter has written, "is that, although she had her visiting cards, she had no one to visit. She was not considered respectable enough to have cards on any of Lionel's friends."

In March, 1872, Pepita was supporting her seventh child. Rockville-West could not get away from Paris, but had arranged to be informed by telegram of the birth and the condition of Pepita and the baby.

On the sixth of the month, he was advised of the safe arrival of a son. Two days later, another telegram bluntly told him that mother and child had both died.

Nearly frantic, Pepita's lover obtained leave of absence and rushed to Arcachon. He arrived and entered the room where she lay, with the wretched figure of the dead baby beside her, and surrounded by weeping servants and her other weeping children.

"He ran forward," says his grand-

daughter, the famous writer Victoria Rockville-West, "and threw himself on his knees beside the bed, sobbing out that it was he who had killed her. It was in vain that they tried to comfort him by telling him that she had died with his name upon her lips."

The five other children that had died of Pepita were placed in the hands of a local woman for a few years and then settled in England by Rockville-West, who eventually became Lord Rockville.

When he died, the title passed to his nephew, who was also named Lionel Rockville-West—after Pepita's son, Henry, had lost a rather court battle for it and the inheritance that went with it.

Only one of Pepita's children benefited from their father's title. That was the eldest daughter, Victoria. She had married her cousin, the same Lionel Rockville-West, ironically, when her husband won the title over her brother, Henry, she became Lady Rockville.



THE MAN WHO BEAT A HOODOO

IRVING BRADSHAW



Two men and a shark died, and each of the three was in possession of Watson's watch. Was it coincidence?

Most men have their struggles. In their pursuit of achievement and success they go up one step and drop back two. The dogged ones who last realize that they have to accept so much adversity, so many failures, it's all part of the process of getting to the top. And eventually the setbacks are bred by the fierceness of ambition itself. The man makes his mistakes, they do not happen to him by chance.

To Henry Watson they did. He was a man who worked hard all his life, mild, sensitive, but deeply determined, he started from nothing and gradually improved his fortunes until he was able to buy a business. It failed. He tried again, and lost another. It also failed. Again, and again he tried, but without success.

It wasn't that he lacked ambition. The business, in fact, would be profitable, and then out of nowhere, without apparent cause, came the first failure. Watson could not understand it. He put it down to incredibly bad luck. But it seemed to be more than that. It was as though some malign spirit was actively conspiring to rob power in his life—something outside himself, something smacking of devilism.

Watson was sure of whose next to turn and spent weeks begging in isolation when he finally decided to set up business as a watchmaker in Elizabeth. It was a profession he had learned in his youth. The practice went well; he had more work than he could handle, and he became rapidly af-

filiated. Two years went by, and Watson felt that at least he had shaken off the jinx. But the evil force that seemed to spin around him at a planet around the sun was ready to strike in a way stranger than ever before.

It all began the day some fisherman on the river Thames near Putney dropped a shark into their boat. It was still alive but so sick as to be harmless. Over time feet long down nose to tail and more than six feet around the thickest part of its body, it was the largest shark ever taken in the Thames.

That was enough cause for extraordinary interest, but when one of the fishermen, wondering what had caused its sickness, opened its belly with a knife the spectators exclaimed with surprise, horror, and then started forward, awed with curiosity. No less amazed, the fisherman drew from its insides a silver watch, a metal chain, and a pocket watch as well as several pieces of gold lace.

A search was made for other evidence, but there was none. The police formed the theory without difficulty that the articles belonged to some young gentleman of good name. But who was he? They believed, after consulting ichthyological experts, that he had definitely been swallowed by the shark, and that the body and other parts had either been digested or voided; the watch and the gold lace had remained a failure, and because of them the shark was in a dazed state when captured.

But the question was how did the young man come to be in the net. Was it murder, suicide, or accident?

Fortunately, there was one excellent clue inscribed on the watch was the name Henry Watson, Lon-

don, No. 1347. The mechanism was in disorder. No sooner had these facts been publicized than Henry Watson immediately contacted the police. He identified the watch as one he had sold to a man named Ephraim Thompson, of Whitechapel. Thompson had wanted the watch to give as a present to his son who was entering his first sea voyage.

Thompson was found, and he said the watch was certainly the one he had given his son. He had presented it to him just before the boy had gone aboard the ship Polly, under Captain Yate. The Polly when about 15 miles off Portsmouth ran into a rapid. Young Thompson was last seen standing at the stern. As the vessel gave a sudden lurch he fell overboard and disappeared. His body was never recovered. That was two years before until that moment, when he held the irrefutable proof in his hands, Ephraim Thompson had gone on hoping that one day his son might turn up.

The case was discussed and closed for the police, but not so for Henry Watson. Sympathetically, he offered to take the watch and repair it like new, thinking, as he appeared to the sorrowing man, that Thompson might like to retain it as a keepsake. Instantly he realized he had made a mistake. Thompson, in an anger of grief, told him that he wanted no such business remnants. He gave it to Watson, and started at him to do what he liked with it, but he never wanted to see it again.

Watson took the watch, repaired it, and kept it safe and handy. He thought that Thompson might one day change his mind. Once his distress had gone, the man might fervently desire to own such a personal belonging. But Thompson did not long afterwards, and Watson, somehow depressed, found himself

at a loss to know what to do with it.

One day a well-dressed man came into his shop, and said, "I understand you possess the famous watch that was found in the shark's stomach not so long ago."

Watson nodded. He was used to the curious coming in and asking for a sight of the timepiece and its attachments.

"I'd like to buy that watch."

"Buy it? But—but it's not for sale," Watson murmured, wondering if the man was serious.

"I'll give you fifty pounds for it."

Watson gaped. He was stunned. He said so calmly as he could: "May I ask why you are so interested in buying this particular watch?"

"I want to give it to young Jim, my nephew," the wealthy man explained. "His history seems to fascinate him so, indeed, it does me. He's never done talking about it. He's intensely interested in oddities. I don't care if the watch doesn't work, but if it does all the better. I'll make it fifty guineas."

Watson couldn't resist the offer, and the watch changed hands.

"You will find, sir, that it keeps perfect time, and certainly nobody would ever know that it had once been in the belly of a shark," Watson said cheerily, overcome with delight at the sale. He went into the house and told his wife. She was just as excited. To them at that moment their world, once so full of hard knocks, never seemed brighter.

About three months later the news came through that a ship, The Dolphin, after running into a heavy storm in which a man was washed overboard, had put back to port. That was little in itself, but when Watson learned that the name of

The unfortunate man was James Anderson, that he had been standing at the stern when the ship pitched and the wave struck, and that the mishap had occurred about ten miles off Falkland, he was dumbfounded.

It was almost a duplicate of the Thompson tragedy.

For hours he pondered. He said to his wife: "Do you think there is any reason in it?"

"In what?"

"That watch and the deaths of those two men?"

She scoffed at the idea, but Henry Watson was not relieved. He could not help talking to friends and customers about the growing coincidence. Watson realizing it, he was making a bid for his own coffin. For, although he was honored and most generously thanked for his customers, it was an age of superstition, and there were many who began to believe in some occult relationship between the watch and the deaths of the men, especially as the circumstances were practically the same.

"You're a fool," Watson's wife retorted him, though somewhat unsettled herself. "What did you have to open your mouth at all for? People are starting to talk—only a few perhaps, but a few can do a lot of harm with their warring tongues and evil minds."

Watson knew she was right. This thing could snowball, sink him quickly in disaster. People would avoid him and custom fall off. His business could be wrecked, or all the others had been. To others it might not have appeared as common as that, but to Watson, with his fearful experience of the past, the possibility was not distorted or exaggerated.

"I'm bewildered," he said. "When

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

He met her in the garden.
When the moon was shining
bright.

Without a "big your pardon",
He kissed her at that night.
She did not seem to mind
it—

It must have been all right—
She was a marble statue;
But he was right that night!

—RAY-ME—

young Thompson died I didn't even suspect there might be something strange about it. But now that Anderson has gone . . . I can't help but think—well, there is something unexplained about it."

"But what makes you think that Anderson had the watch on him?"

Watson looked at his wife with a new light in his eyes.

"No, I don't know that, do I?"

"And, at any rate, if he did it's gone down in the depths with him and cannot cause any more harm now—if it ever did cause harm."

Watson's appressed feelings were shattered, for three weeks later Anderson's body was washed up on the coast. When this item of news reached him Watson's first reaction was consternation, quickly followed by anxiety. Had the body been scorched? What was found on it? He could scarcely contain his pettiness. He neither ate nor slept during the agony of waiting for this knowledge. And then it came.

On Anderson's body was found,

among other things, a watch with a metal chain and a coronation seal.

The watchmaker, Henry Watson, sat in a stupor of despondency.

He was certain now, and he couldn't get the idea out of his head, that in some way the watch he had made was cursed. Their suspicion of it he was convinced, had led to the deaths of both Thompson and Andrews.

A lot of guilt worried him. He felt responsible for the tragic fatalities. The thought grew upon him no rest. He knew that it would haunt him to the end of his life, no shadow on everything he touched. And he couldn't bear the prospect of that watch going perhaps from one person to another causing death and suffering. Unless he knew that it was destroyed, he felt, he would never again have the courage or the will to go on living life. Was this the master stroke of the evil force that mysteriously struck at him—toadden vitally at the source?

Watson lost no time in visiting Anderson's home 30 miles from London. He prevailed on the bereaved parents to let him have the watch. He even offered to return the full purchase price, and when they refused to take it he left it on the table.

Certainly it was stormy weather that day Watson took the watch home, and it may have been only coincidence, but when he took a hammer and started it to smother the thunder clapped. Lightning struck his house, blinding him for two hours and knocking his terrified wife unconscious.

After that, though, he moved to another part of London and, according to his story in a journal of the 'Forties of last century, he never looked back.

MIGHT WAS RIGHT



THE BULL WAS OLD; A YOUNG BULL WAS NEEDED. BUT OLD BARNEY DID NOT LIKE INTERUDERS. THEY CRASHED HEAD ON.

JOE HOGAN waited a long time for a break. He got it in the hot drought by agiting and shepherding thousands of sheep from the powdered, red paddocks out west. There was enough summer grass on Joe's thousand acres of mountain and gully, and thousands, to keep them alive. It meant turning Joe's herd of scrub cattle into the Blackstone Range.

Barney objected with a bull-head he carried a further with three charges, trying to toss both Joe and his horse over the dead timber of the home-paddock, but Joe's horse had to be good to sound-up scratches in the Alps; its hindquarters saved Joe's life, and the stock-whip did the rest.

"Get to hell out of here!"

Hogan explained that by losing at Barney's lean camp with the southside fall of his whip, the bull got out of the run, rambling through of rebellion. Joe loved miles beyond the stream track and hell up his head by buying paddies down the creek, while Barney attended to the natural increase.

The bull had a strain of Shorthorn with the rest indiscriminate. He was heavy and light in the rump but had very heavy shoulders and a short, thick neck. His horns were modern sharp-pointed, with a visible back to them. He seemed to be whetting his teeth when Joe turned the head about fifteen miles into the Blackstone.

"This is my chance," Joe told himself when he looked at his back balance when the drought broke. "I'll buy a good, young bull, a few good cows, and gradually sell the scrubbers."

He had to leave the herd in the Blackstone until some grass came in the spring. He left them there with four horses for mares, then he went to round-up in the Blackstone. Barney had the herd well mustered, but he was shepherding an old, now-donated cow of French strain, and Joe wondered if he had not left it a bit late for next season's calves to drop polled.

From a definite asset, Barney had become a possible liability and a definite problem. The problem could have been eliminated, if Joe had brought a rifle with him and had not been too soft-hearted to kill a beast.

Joe tried to bluff himself over that. "Aw, I was glad enough to have him before. He's earned an easy life. I'll leave the old cow with him; he'll be happy out here, and she never was any good, anyway."

Barney made no protest at the herd being edged away from him, but he lost interest in the old cow within a week and went looking for his horses; he figured it in the home-paddock with the new bull bawling it, although he did not see the young Blackford when he first sighted the cows. He was on a low spur, a mile from the north-west corner; he sent a fellow rambling down the gully to spread out over the flat. It seemed to say "I'm coming home."

A dozen acres and young steers watched Barney's approach with black staves. He snuffed tentatively, then lambed to the corner post, where he inspected the fence with hostile eyes. Joe had reinforced it with one barbed wire and Barney knew better than to tangle with that

kind of fence, he wedded along it for one hundred yards, then stopped to lift his massive head and test the air speculatively.

Barney bellowed. It was a demand, but it was frayed with doubt of his judgment. A young heifer snuffed nervous before, and shook her head defiantly, but she responded with a thin quavering bleat. Barney roared instantly; the heifer angled out on hesitant legs, only to stop a few feet from the other cow. The bull lifted his head, his muddy lip curled; his nostrils pinched tightly, making the veins of air blue obstinately and the heifer came forward uncertainly to the fence.

Defying the horse lifting at his cheek, the bull snuffed the thin neck, but the heifer moved away, following the fence. Barney wedded after her, rambling in his throat, until she stopped at the gate. The bull hooked a long under a bar, putting on pressure, but Joe had chained it securely. He backed off, snorting protest, but the heifer walked away, and he bellowed harshly. It rolled across the paddock; it buffeted the ears of the young Blackford in a head-bled gully.

A light bellow, tentatively challenging, was a prelude to the appearance of the young bull. Barney's head jerked up; his eyes flared; his wide nostrils widened from the first elusive fear of the sound of battle. The Bull came out like light, springy gallop, its tail crested, like a snake stiffened suddenly in its squirming. It stopped to a short stop, head up and jerking in anxious inspection of the paddock and the herd. It bellowed in thin provocation; Barney answered in thunderous challenge.

From distant parts of the paddock, cattle blared loudly, then came at a thundering run, convoy-

ing on the gate. The heifer pawed nervously at the earth, uncertain whether to move or stand, but the young bull jumped forward on a jerking gallop; it charged just to a trot, uneasily at its legs. Barney roared threat, throwing dust with his fore-hooves, and the Harford's ears came to a slow trot, and then to a cautious walk, defiance radiating forward in his young throat.

The Poll stopped five yards from the heifer, sniffing air. The other cattle stepped one by one, forming a wide semicircle; they stood, stiff and tense, heads up, and with the red bile on motionless jaws; they were absolute, prize for the victor, but indifferent as to which might win Barney's fury at the other bull and the temper between them found vent in snuffed thunder, his cloven hooves scoured earth, hurting a continuous trail of dust and rubble back into air.

The heifer blared foolishly, it backed away from the fury beyond the gate, bringing up with its light

rump rubbing the young bulls ribs. The Poll's lip curled; his nostrils pushed in; he wobbled the heifer's flanks. Fury erupted in Barney, but a grain of discretion remained, awaiting itself while he backed off three paces, snorting angrily.

The heifer moved two steps, but the Poll pressed after her, as if ignoring the enemy outside the fence, although focusing his dominance within the paddock. And Barney's paddock! Barney lumbered to a harkaway run, but he propped short, his nose head against the gate, only to lift his massive fore-quarters, rearing them high, then throwing himself forward.

As the big bull crashed the bulk of his weight on the top bar of the gate, he hunched his back, hunched his hind legs up and pitching himself forward. The top bar splintered and collapsed under the weight; his belly rasped on the thinner second one, and the bar broken under the strain Barney tumbled to earth, outside the broken gate. He kicked

thrashed, and pig-rooted, backing himself over, then he lumbered forward into the paddock.

Barney stopped, believing threat of death. His huge head weaved low towards earth, his nostrils balking the hot air of his fury; his rear revolved desperately; his hooves pawed viciously at the earth.

The young bull blared acceptance of the challenge. His horrible head weaved, as if wending up the spruce of courage and fury; tufts of grass erupted high into air, ripped from the soil by frenzy of his perving fore-hooves. As if a glove were dropped for the start of a fight, both bulls lurched to the run at the same instant. Heads low, massive shoulders rolling, they charged, red poll aimed dead center between the vicious, hooked horns of the old scrabbler.

Lightly built, scarcely half the weight he might have grown to be, the bald-faced youngster had speed that the ponderous old nondescript could not master. It was some small offset to a huge concession in weight, but the Poll was fighting with only instinct to match the long experience of a tough, tough bull.

They met head on with a sickening, spine-jarring crash. The pace of the lightweight gave impetus that shook the old man to a short stop, but the youngster's short body seemed to contract lengthening; his rump lifted in air, and he bounced back a full three feet from the hoined head. Quivering and shaken, he lumbered for footing, slightly askew from the old bull.

The Harford belloved, and the wise, old man detected a quaver of terror in the young voice. Barney snorted; he roared; he lurched to the rush. The Poll hesitated a fraction of a second too long before hurrying to meet the attack; the hoined head crashed on his rear

fore-leg as it took the strain of his weight. The poll bellowed anguish, as the full force of the charging scrabbler struck him.

Barney's horns pored at the young brown. The Harford's hind legs crumpled, and the old bull heaved in a mighty heave; it sent the Poll spinning in a semicircle, and it shaking barely on its back. Barney jumped forward, head low, baying in under the bare shoulder, safe from the frenzied sides of three of the white-necked herd.

The Harford rolled, gathering its hind legs under it. It made a desperate effort to rise; it had lift. Of its rump a foot when the old bull's horns pored at its belly in the gap, Barney baited violently, baying for leverage. He tensed; he strained; his muscles writhed and tightened; with every ounce of nerve, sinew, and then behind it, he heaved in a devastating lunge. The Poll pitched into air; it crashed on its head; the bellowing noise of frenzy died with the breaking of its neck.

Joe had taken six steers into the pen. It had been a good day; it was nearly midnight when Joe reached home. He did not see the dead Harford until morning, then he brought out his rifle. Barney was shepherding a young heifer; he was near-side on to Nigger.

"I don't know if I get him just back of the neck-shoulder. I'll plug the old devil right through the heart."

Joe curled his forefinger vengefully around the trigger, but his eyes swept around the paddock before he squeezed. His chance had gone with the death of the Harford, and he would not get another until the next big drought. His finger did from the trigger; he hoped that Barney would test the distance.



"Well, as much for the hare Harford."

Crime Capsules

FAIR BINKUM

While policeman held back crowds watching a picture being filmed in Rome, a well-dressed man strode to a gleaming car, entered and drove away. A woman rushed up and screamed: "That's Slip that man, he stole my car!" The crowd engaged the scene very much, but the film director walked over to the police and said: "You'd better do something—that woman has really lost her mar."

MAN OF HIS WORD

In Chicago a well-dressed man entered a jewelry store, picked out a necklace and earrings and told the man behind the counter that he would return for them. He did—later in the day, he once more entered the shop and collected the jewelry. But this time he had a revolver in his hand.

WHAT A BORE

A thief in Quincy, Illinois, used a brace and bit and a keyhole saw to get out a panel from the door of a grocery shop. He then robbed the store. Later police made an arrest, but the suspect pleaded an alibi. The cops turned over his tracer cuffs and cut full sleeves

and small chips of wood, which came from the grocery store door.

PRESIDENTIAL PRESENTS

In Kansas City, Missouri, on February 12 last year, the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, a man named George Washington was arrested on Truman Road on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. He was haled into court on St. Valentine's Day and was fined \$5 dollars.

SHOT FIRST

When Lou Simmons, former Confederate officer, ran from Waterloo, Texas, in 1871, he left a man dying on the floor of the Gold Mine saloon. On the run, he settled in Texasiana, where he got a job as a telegrapher, married and spent ten happy years. One night a fatal message started to over the wires. "Understand fugitive Lou Simmons hiding out there . . ." It began. Simmons did not hear the rest of the message; he drew out his gun and shot himself dead. And so he died, the message went to its conclusion. " . . . tell him the man he shot did not die and charges against him have been withdrawn." So it pays to ask questions before you shoot.

Dancing Lady



"I'm not alone," says the lady mope on the telephone, "but I can speak freely." Who is the confidant who is allowed to hear everything? Well, with a girl like Ann the privilege goes only to her snail dog, Beto.





You know Ann, of course—Ann Miller, M.G.M. dancing girl, the girl who proves that a thing of beauty is a joy forever. They say no girl on the screen has a better figure! If the size of her fan-mail means anything, she's without peer.

Ann is the star of "On The Town" for M.G.M. We might suggest she could star in another film called "On Her Own". With Babo in the supporting cast, how do you like it? You remember Babo? Then turn to page 17 and start again.





"It's been a perfect evening. Why don't you be like other men and spoil it by offering me a drink now?"

Cancer, the most feared killer in reality, can be caused by psychological factors, according to an eminent doctor

YOU may be the

CANCER TYPE

GOTTFRIED BRUGGE

YOU might not know it, but your personality may be giving you cancer—working slowly and insidiously to a horrible climax at an age between 35 and 50.

Medical research has recently uncovered sensational facts connecting the world's most dreaded killer with personality problems. It has also learned that one out of every three persons would come down with this disease if some other form of death didn't occur first.

The doctors baffling cancer are now tracking down a hot clue. They've become interested in psychosomatic medicine, which has already shed light on how the emotions cause such ailments as asthma and ulcers. Furthermore, there is a lot of evidence that psychological disturbances are also closely connected with heart trouble, high blood pressure, and even tuberculosis.

And the sole cause to which all these afflictions are traced is personality.

What about cancer?

Dr. Wilhelm Reich of New York was one of the first to advance the theory that cancer might, after all, be caused by psychological factors. He had noticed that all of his patients, wrestling away with this



known bore a striking resemblance to one another—they were fundamentally misadjusted.

Among some patients, Dr. Reich observed obvious repression. They were quiet and withdrawn, and their energies were being directed against themselves rather than being expressed outwardly. The eminent doctor also noticed that cancer occurred in patients who seemed personable and active. This, however, was just a front. Many of these patients were locked in loveless marriages. Many displayed neurotic, unstable behavior. For every one of them, life consisted of a shallow series of acts that brought about no sensations of pleasure.

To put it one way, the cancer patient is emotionally suffocating to death. Or, in other words, he's suffering from total frustration.

Unless a man has outlets for his pent-up feelings, he will hasten the onset of cancer, and this is one reason why the disease doesn't plague many young people. A young man's body tissues don't begin to deteriorate until he reaches full maturity. He can endure the torments of misadjustment by drinking and dissipating and thus letting off steam. When he gets older, his body can't take it any more, and he doesn't possess the tremendous store of energy required to live a disease-free life. At this point, malignancy usually sets in.

A Chicago woman went to a psychiatrist to be cured of alcoholism. It was during the '30s, when the medical world hadn't the slightest notion that emotions could cause cancer. The doctor thought that because he had succeeded in stopping this woman from drinking, he had cured her. He didn't realize that all he had done was to repress her need to consume alcohol without eliminating that need. About six

months after the therapy had been completed, this woman developed a fatal case of abdominal cancer.

Since that time, there has been a lot of evidence to show that repressed alcoholics have a high incidence of malignancy—usually occurring in those who possess no satisfactory outlet to take the place of their drinking. Behind the scenes of alcohol craving lies a maladjusted personality.

Spinsters and bachelors are more likely to come down with cancer than married people, although marriage is no insurance against the disease. For gay blades and career girls, who laugh at matrimony, there comes a tragic time when they discover an oncogene in their lives—the period when age has made them no longer attractive. A small number with money are able to hold back the curtain of loneliness for a few more years, but when it closes, these people find that they no longer hold any source or outlet for love.

Nevertheless, a loveless marriage can be just as suffocating. In Los Angeles, a man who had been wedded for 25 years recently went to a doctor who discovered he had cancer of the prostate gland. In the course of investigation, the doctor learned that this man and his wife had been going their separate ways for 12 years.

One surprising fact is that insane people rarely get cancer. The most persistent reason advanced for this is the fact that an insane man has removed himself from reality and has created his own world. He is not tormented by repressed desires any longer, and he has enabled himself to let off steam in his own eccentric way.

Doctors, more and more, are coming to the conclusion that the satisfied and happy man will live with-

out suffering from cancer. By this token, the cellists is not necessarily the cancer-type. There are some satisfied people who can abstain comfortably. They are content to wrap themselves up in their work which is their main love.

Recently, a 35-year-old man went to a doctor in Pittsburgh, suffering from cancer of the bone. The first step was surgery. The malignant part of the bone was removed, and then the growth was given radium treatment. This continued for six months, and the cancer showed up again near where it had existed before. There was more surgery and more treatment.

Then the doctor began asking questions about the patient's personal life. He discovered that the young man hated his job. He was unhappy, with no ability to form close associations with anybody.

Widely, the doctor placed the young man in the care of a psychiatrist, while continuing the previous treatment. The results were astounding. During the following two years, there was no more recurrence of the malignancy. The young man is now successfully employed and happily married. He is considered cured.

In New York, a widow was suffering from cancer of the breast. Radium was tried, but to no avail. The breast had to be removed. About three months later, a tumor developed in her side, not far from where her breast had been operated on. More surgery was required. There was no talking when the malignancy would be checked.

Again, here was a case where an alert physician began making inquiries about his patient's personal life. It was learned that the woman, since her husband's death, was completely alone in the world. Because she was left well-provided,

NAGGING ON A RACECOURSE

They were two champion horses,
They met whilst running a race,
One said: "We met on other streets,
I clearly remember your face."
The other's face puckered as he strove to remember—
His expression looked sullen and iller—
"Was it last June, July, August, September?
I can't recall your name—
but your poise is familiar."
—AM-EM.

there was no need for her to work, but she had no friends or hobbies.

The woman was sent to a psychiatrist who worked with her for three years. As a result, she now has friends and has become active in civic affairs. Furthermore, there is no longer any trace of cancer.

These two cases are examples of the growing interest physicians are taking in their patients' emotional lives. The oligomenstrs of psychotherapy's influence in medicine is extending to the war against cancer. There is little doubt that your personality strongly influences the chances of your insuring this addiction. Yet, what this connection is, and how knowledge of it can be used to prevent cancer, is not fully understood.

Some researchers are convinced that it won't be long before they'll be able to define the different patterns of behavior that characterize the cancer-type. As of now, they have come up with some amazing conclusions about what kinds of

people are most likely to suffer from the disease in later life.

Doctors are notoriously sympathetic. Living alone betrays not only an immature personality but also fear and suspicion of other people. Everybody needs some sort of contact with friends, and the ability to enjoy even the most casual social activities is a protection against emotional suffocation.

Another serious-type is the "sophisticated" playboy. Because of his money and lack of ambition, he finds himself unresponsive to the pleasures of every-day living. Not very long ago, a famous basketball star in his early thirties of an incurable melancholy. He was constantly making headlines with movie stars, socialites, and showgirls. Yet, nobody ever knew how frustrated he really was. He often joked to his friends about not being able to fall in love, regardless

of the charm or beauty of his current girl friend. Secretly, however, this failing disturbed him deeply.

You don't have to be perfect to avoid neurosis. The healthy male is happily married and enjoys his friends and his work. His life is active and sometimes vigorous. He might hunt, fish, play golf, or he might dabble in minor hobbies. All of these factors constitute a well-rounded existence.

But doctors are aware that the human being is capable of compensating for his weaknesses. A man who is unhappily married may throw himself into his work, and a person who dislikes his job may enjoy the company of his wife and friends and his hobbies.

It is when an individual is unable to compensate for his shortcomings—when his life ceases to be well-rounded—that emotional suffocation sets in, and with it, cancer.



JAMES HOLLEDGE

HE WENT TO A DRINKING PARTY

When Howard Carter Dickinson went to a drinking party, he passed out—permanently.

HE was a well-dressed, dapper-looking man, no longer young, but with the confidence, the poise that comes with money, position, breeding.

His name was Howard Carter Dickinson. His profession was law, and he was a partner in an important New York practice. He was the nephew of Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—a handy relative for any lawyer.

Dickinson was in Detroit on business. He was registered at the city's best hotel, the expensive Book-Cadillac. After dinner one evening, he strolled into the famous Vauxhall Room of the hotel for a drink. He was tired after his day's work. By himself in a strange city, he was

lonely for conversation, companionship, recreation.

Howard Carter Dickinson did not know it, but he was ripe for plucking as the "party girl racket".

Dickinson sat at a table with his drink. Nearly was a party of three—two girls and a hard-boiled, flamboyantly dressed man in his late 20's. The girls were not beautiful, but they were bright and vivacious. With their smart clothes and alluring air of sophistication they attracted Howard Carter Dickinson. He watched them with interest. The calculating eyes of their male companion lighted on him. He bent forward to speak to his companion.

The girls turned and looked at Dickinson. They offered him a



vacant chair. Introductions were made and drinks ordered. Talk and laughter bubbled round the table. Howard Carter Dickinson felt good.

The "pick-up" took place on the evening of Tuesday, June 25, 1935. At 5:35 a.m. on the morning of Thursday, June 27, the body of Howard Carter Dickinson was found in Detroit's River Rouge Park. He had been shot to death.

A park attendant came upon the body on his way to work. No attempt had been made to conceal it. It was lying face down in full view beside one of the concrete drives. Two bullets had been fired into it at close range. One had penetrated the skull; the other was lodged in the chest. Either could have caused death, which medical examination declared had occurred only a few hours before.

A violent rainstorm had swept the area about midnight. The clothing on the body was dry. It must have been drenched on the drive sometime after one o'clock in the morning.

The investigation was in the hands of Inspector John Novarra, head of the Detroit Homicide Squad. He studied the body, noting the muddy-stained hair and moustache, the soft, well-kept hands.

It seemed strange that the body was clad in short and fragrant, with no coat. They were both of good quality. On the feet were a pair of new shoes, bearing the brand of an exclusive New York maker.

The pockets of the dead man were empty. Money, wallet, identifying papers had been removed. Apparently overlooked by the killer was an expensive wristwatch. It registered exactly one hour earlier than Detroit time, giving another indication that the victim was a wander from New York, where a daylight saving scheme was in operation. He had apparently not been in Detroit

long enough to adjust his watch.

With the number shown on the dead man's hand-made shoes, identification was not difficult. The firm named thence disclosed they had been sold to Dickinson.

New York police were requested to assist. They reported Dickinson was an influential lawyer. Not only was he the nephew of, but his partner was the son of the Chief Justice. He was 32 years old, lived with his wife at a high-class New York suburb and was on a visit to Detroit in connection with a \$5-million-dollar deceased estate he was handling.

With such a "top drawer" visitor, the Detroit police went straight to the Book-Cadillac Hotel. An inspection of Dickinson had been registered there. His room was examined. It contained nothing but the luggage and business papers.

Hotel employees said they had last seen the lawyer at about 8:30 the previous evening, Wednesday. He was coming with the "party girls" and their show-bus-faced partner—of which the police at yet knew nothing—had been 24 hours before that, on the Tuesday night.

Dickinson, the police learned, had dined at the Book-Cadillac at 1:30 on the Wednesday evening, after being a salary socked in at the Vanston House.

He had a room on the 34th floor and returned there after his meal. The night maid, coming in to tidy the room, found him resting on his bed. She saw him leave the room, dressed to go out at 1:30.

Meanwhile, Dickinson's minor suit coat and hat had been discovered on the roadway a couple of miles from the spot where the body was left. Except for the key to his hotel room, the coat pockets were empty. A bullet hole indicated he

had been wearing the coat when shot.

Inspector Novarra ordered detectives to check on the telephone calls. Howard Carter Dickinson had made from his room at the Book-Cadillac. They soon eliminated those relating to business. Three or four others, however, seemed a possible lead. With these, Dickinson had asked the switchboard operator to give him a "Mr. Ferris" at the Newby Hotel, Detroit.

Inquiries at the Detroit Hotel showed that "Mr. Ferris" had been booked in there as "Leo Ferris". Police knew Leo Ferris to be one of the aliases of a well-known Detroit criminal identity named William Schweitzer. He was not the type expected to be associated with Howard Carter Dickinson, sociable attorney-cum-law. A petty racketeer with a long record of various crimes, he had been suspected of almost every crime up to and including murder.

In 1928, under the name of Harry W. Smith, he was accused of carrying concealed weapons. He was convicted, but released on appeal. Two years later he again faced a jury—this time for the murder of one Albert Bourcier. In court, Schweitzer claimed that he had merely shot and killed Bourcier when the latter tried to hold him up and rob him. He was believed and again acquitted.

Schweitzer decided Detroit was too hot for him and fled to Florida. There, too, he soon fell foul of the law. The Detroit authorities had received word that he was wanted as a fugitive robber by the police of Miami Beach.

That was the man Howard Carter Dickinson had telephoned on a number of occasions from his room at the Book-Cadillac. The police were puzzled. They could not understand the connection.

Inquiries at the Hotel Detroit showed that Schweitzer, as Leo Ferris, had been registered there for three weeks. He had departed in a hurry on the morning of the murder. Thursday Peters was able to tell police that he left in his own car, a 1935 Studebaker.

A blanket claim was issued through half a dozen states for the missing criminal. To hundreds of police offices was faxed his description: "Tall, five feet seven inches; age 35; weight 150 pounds; light complexion, light brown hair, blue eyes; two upper teeth badly decayed." Full particulars of Schweitzer's car were also issued.

In Detroit, police detectives stood by at the hotel to intercept telephone calls for "Leo Ferris". Late on the Thursday night, the switchboard operator passed to one of the waiting detectives that she had such a call on the line. The call was traced to a box in an adjacent theatre. Police rushed there and pointed on a surprised taxi-driver.

Taken to headquarters for ques-

Two stolen and other cars seized.



house. The driver explained that he was calling Mr. Ferris about a three-dollar cheque he had given him for a fare. It had been discovered at the bank. He had received it on Tuesday night. Ferris had told him he might have some profitable business for him on the Wednesday night. He explained that "a big New York lawyer" he knew was accompanying him and a couple of guys to a party and they might need a cab.

The driver called at the Detweiler on the Wednesday evening. Ferris came down and told him the girls and the "big shot" were having a party of their own upstairs and would not need the cab. He suggested the driver ring him at the hotel the next night. Told the man had done, not only about the prospective job, but to check about the discoloured cheque.

Inquiries through the underworld of Detroit showed that Schweitzer

had been associated since his return from Florida with a pair of "good-time girls." They were sisters, Florence and Loretta Jackson, 24 and 27 years old respectively. Unsuccessful dancers, the girls had turned to petty crime. With Schweitzer, they had been working the "party girl racket".

Neighbors at the girls' apartment said they had left with baggage for a trip early on the Thursday morning. They had driven away with a man who had had written for them is a 1933 Buickville.

A widespread dragnet was cast for Schweitzer and the women, but when they were rounded up on the following Saturday it was only through a slip by one of the drivers she sent a telegram to a friend in Detroit. Police were watching the friend. They interrogated the wire. It was traced to the town of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Detectives there immediately got on the trail

of the wonder at the Western Union office.

Waters at the nightclub remembered three women peering calling for a Western Union messenger. They had departed soon after in a taxi. The records of the cab company were commandeered and the driver traced. He named the hotel to which he had taken the trio.

From descriptions, the hotel manager and they meet in three women calling themselves "The Mayer Sisters", a dance act.

Detectives raced to the room occupied by the "Mayer Sisters". They proved to be the wanted Florence and Loretta Jackson and a third woman—thirty-year-old Jean Miller of Detroit—who had not previously been connected with the crime.

While the police were questioning the women in their room, the door opened. A slave, deeper young man strode in. He turned to run, but a detective barred the way.

"You're Bill Schweitzer," he said, "alias Les Ferris. They want you back in Detroit for murder."

The man tried to bluster. "You're crazy," he cried. "I don't know what you're talking about. My name is Art Reynolds. I just got in by bus from Kansas City. You can't pin any phony rape on me."

Schweitzer was confronted with his fingerprints and photograph rushed from Detroit. Evidently he strangled his identity. Both he and the women, however, denied all knowledge of the murder of Howard Carter Dickinson.

The police were sure they were the culprits but were still puzzled by some minor details. One was the whereabouts of Schweitzer's Buickville getaway car, which he did not have with him in Fort Wayne. The murder weapon had also not been located. Another mystery was the fate of several thousand dollars,

which Dickinson's relatives said he was carrying. Schweitzer, when arrested, had only \$4 dollars in his possession. The three girls were penniless.

Schweitzer and the three women were taken into custody and returned to Detroit. There for hours under microphones they asserted their innocence. Gradually, however, the mindless barrage of police questions began to tell. They started to make admissions and contradictions. They now admitted they had met Howard Carter Dickinson at the Rock-Cadillac. They agreed they had attended a party with him on the Wednesday night. After that they had all driven to the River Rouge Park.

The three girls claimed they left the car for a few minutes in the park and heard two shots. They insisted they had not been parties to any plot to shoot and rob the lawyer, Schweitzer, when he heard what the others had admitted, told a series of fantastic stories.

First he said that when the women left the car in the park, Dickinson pulled out a gun and tried to shoot himself. He had struggled to save the lawyer. The gun in the confusion went off twice.

When that explanation made no impression on the police, Schweitzer came up with another. He claimed that an argument had developed between himself and Dickinson over four dollars lost in a card game. They fought, Dickinson pulled a gun. Schweitzer shot him in self-defense.

Schweitzer's last desperate explanation was that Dickinson drew a gun and suddenly shot himself in the head without any warning. He had dragged the lawyer's body from the car.

In the process, the gun was discharged again accidentally—infring-



"Sure!! Now, if you'll just slip into these we'll take a run out to your new place."



and the second wound in Dickinson's chest.

All through Sunday, the interrogation of the four prisoners conducted at Detroit Police headquarters, Schweitzer continually repeated his stories. Similarly, the three women stuck to the alibi that they were absent from the car when the shooting occurred and knew nothing.

The police continued with the questioning, tilling the prisoners their statements were ridiculous and unconvincible. On Monday, July 1, one of the women—Jean Miller—could stand it no longer. She burst into hysterical weeps and indicated she was willing to tell the truth.

She made a full statement. With the other two girls, she worked with Schweitzer, robbing men they met in the city's hotels and bars. On this occasion, however, Jean Miller had not been present at the first meeting with Howard Carter Dickinson on the Tuesday night.

The others told her of their new victim on the Wednesday. She recognized them that evening when they kept an appointment with the lawyer in Schweitzer's hotel room. They had his robbery and killing planned when they went to that party.

After Jean Miller's confession, the "cracking" of the others was only a matter of time. All made statements from which the true events of the whole murder were reconstructed.

When Dickinson first joined the Jackson sisters and Schweitzer on the Tuesday night, they sat drinking for some time. Satisfied the girls had the victim "hooked", Schweitzer then excused himself and returned to his hotel.

Dickinson invited the pair to his room. There more liquor was consumed as they followed Schweitzer's

suggestions to "play him along". They had planned to "take him for his fall" the following night.

Eventually, Florence and Loretta Jackson left Dickinson after arranging an appointment for the Wednesday night. They rejoined Schweitzer at his hotel and worked out details of the robbery. The lawyer had been "talked in" and they assumed he was carrying a large sum of money.

All four prisoners now accused of murder were waiting in Schweitzer's room the next day when Dickinson arrived soon after 8:30 p.m. A wild drinking party followed. About midnight, they arranged the lawyer into going for a drive in Schweitzer's car "for a breath of air".

In the River Rouge Park, the women alighted Schweitzer shot the befuddled Dickinson dead. They pulled off his coat as they searched for his wallet. It was tossed out with his hat after they drove off—in the hope of confusing the police.

The dead man was left on the roadway. They opened his wallet after they departed and found only 122 dollars.

"That's a hell of a small amount to kill a man for," said Schweitzer in disgust. "Thank heaven he won't talk any more."

They did to Chicago, where Schweitzer threw away the gun. It was never recovered. He left his car there in a garage, and they continued their flight to Fort Wayne by bus. There, one of them brought a quick end to their getaway by dispatching the teleman back to Detroit from which they were traced.

On August 14, 1935, all four of the accused were found guilty of the first degree murder of Howard Carter Dickinson. They were all sent to prison "for the rest of their natural lives". The state of Michigan does not have a death penalty.

pointers to better health

CONTACT LENSES

A test of soldiers under various field conditions shows that contact lenses are more desirable when the activity in which the men are engaging is strenuous, according to Drs. Janet L. McGraw, of Syracuse, New York, and Jay M. Knoch, of Ft. Knox, Kentucky. They said that the advantages of contact lenses are: (1) The wearer is unaffected by rain, snow or mud. (2) The lenses do not frost or steam. (3) The lenses can be worn while swimming. (4) Visual sharpness in certain eye conditions, such as irregular astigmatism, is greater with the regular spectacles. On the debit side, in the cori Alva there is a limit to the time contact lenses can be worn because of discomfort to the wearer. Thirdly, contact lenses are easier lost or broken.

SUNGLASSES

People who wear sunglasses constantly, especially indoors, run the risk of reduced tolerance to bright light, according to Dr. Victor A. Byrnes of the Army Medical Corps, Randolph Field, Texas. He also said that car windshields with the greenish-blue tint eliminated about one-

fifth of the visible light—too much to make them completely safe for night driving.

HORMONE SYNTHESIZED

Artificial manufacture of a hormone of the pituitary gland has been achieved for the first time by Dr. Vincent du Vigneaud, professor of biochemistry, Cornell University Medical College. The hormone is oxytocin, which plays an important role in milk release in mothers, following birth of a baby. Its synthesis may provide an unlimited source of the hormone for the possible expansion of use in clinical medicine, particularly in obstetrics.

HEMOPHILIA

Evidence that females, as well as males, can have hemophilia—defect of the blood to clot normally—is reported by Dr. J.M. Hill, of Dallas, U.S.A. Hemophilia has traditionally been considered a hereditary disease occurring only in males, but transmitted by females. Hemophilia, of course, is a dangerous threat, because, due to the failure of the blood to clot, it is difficult to stop bleeding since it starts. People who suffer from it should be careful against accidents.



JOYFUL LADY

How? Factor in the factor, huh, and she's from the comb of America—hmm. Right now she's a Hollywood where she has just finished working as a house girl in "Gilded"? (Gilded, she looks lovely, but where did she get those curtains? Are they a legacy from "Gilded"?



JOYFUL

After a busy year in her first feature, she's about to start a new one. She's moved the stars and stars she's been working on. But she has changed her mind. Let's play hard. Maybe we can say her favorite one on her way to the top.

She wanted to be a lady, but the director's beauty spread so much to Hollywood producers that she was not as a change in the movie. Recently she's also been a lot in the David O'Connell and Eddie. Cast a television show to a lot for their condition.

LADY

MODERN ULYSSES IN ASIA



RAY DAVIS

Running the gauntlet across Russia can be hazardous but never dull—as Ferdinand Osmundowski discovered.

FERDINAND OSMUNDOWSKI was a Russian of the White variety, which explained why he was on such a hurry to get out of Siberia that day in 1920. He was working as an assistant in Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisei River when he received word one winter's day that twenty Red soldiers had surrounded his house with the intention of arresting him.

Instead of returning home, Osmundowski collected some friends and took with him some money, a rifle, three hundred cartridges, an axe, a knife, a sheepskin overcoat, tea, salt, dry bread, and a bottle. Then he hired a peasant to drive him out of town into thickly-forested snow country, where he made himself fairly comfortable in an abandoned hut. There began a trap that was to take him wandering back and forth over Asia like some latter-day Ulysses, and give him more than a smoking acquaintance with death.

He wasn't able to live in peace in his hut for very long. Five days after he reached the hut, he went out shooting hares. Returning to his house, he noticed that smoke was curling from the chimney.

Two Red soldiers were inside, but they appeared to be untroubled, since they had left their rifles with their horses. Nevertheless they questioned him closely, but he managed to fob them off by telling them that he was a noble hunter. They shared some tea with Osmundowski, then switched to vodka. This had

the usual effect of making them talk loudly and beautifully, then drowsily.

They were nearly asleep when the door was flung open, and a tall peasant stood framed in the opening, rifle at the ready, a sheep skin at his belt.

By this time, the soldiers were thoroughly drowsy, and they asked few questions.

Osmundowski spent most of the night worrying about the situation, but dozed off just before daylight. When he awoke, he found that the two soldiers were still sleeping, but the peasant was outside saddling his horse. Soon the two soldiers awoke, and the three of them went off together.

That night the peasant came back carrying three rifles instead of one, plus a lot of other gear.

"Today I had a very successful hunt," he jested.

After that episode it was quite clear to Osmundowski that he would have to get moving. He did so, in company with the peasant, who called himself Ivan. Osmundowski rode the horse which had belonged to one of the dead soldiers, with Ivan on his own horse, and the gear on the horse which had belonged to the second Red soldier.

They rode on and on across Siberia, moving in a southerly direction towards Outer Mongolia. At one stage the two of them stayed the night in an abandoned hut where Ivan seemed uncomfortable and nervous. He finally told Osmundowski that this had been the residence of a man he had suspected of stealing gold from him. He had tried every possible means of getting the truth from the man and his family but without success.

Finally Ivan had to leave Osmundowski. He begged him make a road but before he left. This was on the

bank of a river, and Osmundowski kept a fire constantly burning to keep out the mid-winter cold.

Human beings left Osmundowski severely alone. In fact, he found that his greatest enemy was himself—in the form of depressing thoughts brought on by the loneliness. As a counter-measure he carefully planned his days, and spent most of them hunting.

Hills formed the greater part of his victims, plus occasional deer, and one bear. At the beginning of the spring, he was able to capture fish as they ascended the river. As the weather grew milder, Osmundowski grew bolder, and went to live at an abandoned gold mine not far from civilization.

Then, on the river thread, Osmundowski saw a sight which sent him on his way again. In among the ice flows formed at the spring break-up were innumerable bodies of men. There would be no safety for a White Russian in any part of Russia.

He teamed up with another man of similar sympathies. They decided that the best way out of the grip of the Reds was through the northern part of Mongolia out to the Pacific, a journey of many hundreds of miles through rough country among wild tribes.

The discovery of a meadow where the bodies of twenty-eight White Russian officers lay in the trees decided them never to be taken alive by the Reds. They were well armed, and as a last resort carried supplies of poison.

They found it was a comparatively easy matter to get out of Siberia into Mongolia. Several times they were held on by Communists, but managed to duzzle them with a display of knowledge, and pieces of poison for the new regime.

But they soon discovered that there was no safety in Mongolia, since hundreds of Reds had crossed the border in search of refuge. They were first attacked in mountainous country by a force of about thirty Reds. Moscow was giving help for Ozenzowski and his party until three of their number managed to get behind the Reds and dropped several hand grenades.

They came out of the mountains, and began to travel across the plains. A few small streams offered them little hindrance. Finally they reached a river which was frozen hard with clear ice through which they could see to the bottom of the stream. Ozenzowski was nearly across when a gigantic crack appeared in the ice, and he and his horse narrowly escaped being precipitated through the ice into the turbulent water below. The cold was so intense that a few minutes in the stream could fatally burnish.

Ozenzowski and his party became bolder in their approach to the Reds, even at one stage traveling with a party of them whom they had managed to convince of their Soviet sympathies. There was additional inducement for the Reds in this case, since Ozenzowski had managed to convince the leader that their presence would ensure safe passage for the Red party.

They set off through level but treacherous country. At every few steps the horses would plunge up to their backs in quagmires, often falling and slowing their riders. Once Ozenzowski's horse went down so far that he had trouble keeping its eyes and mouth out of the mud.

The going became worse as the party began to cross a green meadow, which in reality was nothing more than a thin layer of turf

over a lake of black and putrefying water.

Suddenly three shots rang out, and the leader of the party fell from his horse. In a matter of seconds three more men had been shot and killed. The remainder of the party probed their rifles and looked for the enemy, but within a few seconds four more had been unknown.

Ozenzowski was sitting by horse with drawn Mosin when he noticed that the soldier who had brought up the rear of the detachment was about to fire at him. He just managed to beat the man to the shot. Ozenzowski and his friends helped the invisible attacker by shooting when command of the party of Bolsheviks.

The attackers—travellers of that district—then helped the two Russians on their way.

The going wasn't easy. They had several other brushes with Communist Russians. Ozenzowski and his friend seem to have developed summary methods of dealing with their enemies. One evening, for instance, they were approaching a small, lonely camp when two Russian soldiers rushed out, firing as they came. Ozenzowski immediately shot one dead, and the other was despatched by the butt of his companion's rifle.

Eventually the two men found themselves on the flat wastes of the Gobi Desert, where icy winds howled incessantly. They started on and made their first contact with Tibet. By this time they had been joined by other refugees. In a steep pass they were protesting to spend the night when suddenly forty men on white horses appeared and fired on them. Two of the party fell, one being killed instantly, the other lying only a few minutes.

Ozenzowski went forward with a white flag, to be told by the Tibet-

ans that the area was considered holy. So the party of Russians moved on, travelling all night. They were loading water with which to make tea when they were attacked again. They were on flat ground, but managed to find some cover among scattered rocks.

Ozenzowski raised his white flag again, but it was greeted with a renewed hail of bullets, and another of the party was shot. Ozenzowski received a bullet in the left leg—the result of a ricochet. Several other members of the party were wounded before some of the attack-crews fled and those who remained raised a white flag.

The Russians feared that the leader of the bandits had been wounded.

While Ozenzowski's companions urged him to give the fellow poison, Ozenzowski dressed a bad chest wound with teltine and teltine. He

then gave the man a sedative, and left him with his followers with the instruction that he should not be moved. He managed to persuade the Tibetans that the man would instantly be killed by the demons who had caused the bullet to strike him if any further attacks were made on the White Russian party.

For the next four months, Ozenzowski and his original companion wandered in Mongolia, Tibet and China, the rest of the party having enlisted in an anti-Bolshevik unit. Ozenzowski and his friend were lucky enough to fall in with sympathetic Tibetans, have an interview with the living Buddha, and finally to escape from Asia through Manchuria.

The dumbie Russian eventually wrote a book about his experiences. Apparently the gods were still with him—the book ran to no less than twenty-five editions.



Cartoon by J. P. F. 1934

"If I lived to be a hundred I couldn't wear like that, could I, dear?"



"The test model was good for ten minutes or less".

FRANCIS MURRAY

HE LIVED FOR ADVENTURE



An Indian fighter posed his skill and technique against the Maori.

TITOKOWARU started under duress. He mean Pa, Te Ngutu O Te Mana, had fallen to the attack of Colonel Thomas McDonnell's force of Armed Constabulary, on August 21, 1866. To McDonnell, the credit is what man's eyes, but the undying hate and thirst for vengeance in those of the Maori, which focused on the "white devil" who was second-in-command—Major Gustaveus van Tienpont.

Titokowaru was a great Maori general; he was the hero of the hostile natives of Taranaki Province, he was also one of the chief priests of the disbelieved cult of Hauhauism which fayed disciples to a barbaric fanaticism, quenched only by the blood of white men, and conspired hate-warms adherents by terrorist tactics.

When Titokowaru started under duress, he set himself to avenge it. Sixteen days later, the Maori chief launched an overwhelming counter-attack, and McDonnell, desperate of successful defense, ordered the withdrawal of the white forces.

"Major van Tienpont will cover the retreat."

That was more than a routine, military order to a second-in-command. It was a tribute to a comrade in arms and an expression of supreme faith in one who had been McDonnell's mentor in the art of equating Maori-faction and in the strategy and technique of bush-warfare.

The Major covered the retreat as he might have led the advance guard against a superior force. From tree to tree, from bush to bush,

from stone to stone, he said his men fought doggedly for every inch of ground. They held back the pursuing hordes until the main force had made good its escape, then they faded from sight and hearing of the blood-thirsty, sharp-eyed Maori warriors.

They faded, but only to launch a more attack typical of von Tompeky's brilliant strategy; he hoped by one blow to rob the enemy of the proof of its cowardice; he aimed to personally capture or kill Titokowaru.

Boards had reported that the Maori chief was at the village of Mawhakarua with only 150 followers, men, women, and children. Always a hero and fearless to the friendly natives, von Tompeky persuaded over 150 of them to attach themselves to his company.

The village was surrounded before the alarm was raised, and von Tompeky led the attack, sword in one hand and deadly Colt in the other. Out-runned, out-guessed, his small force demoralized by surprise, down heaved over Titokowaru; in despair, he screamed the old Maori war-battle cry of "A Tei A Tei."

It seemed that To answered by a shot from a tree.

Of Irish origin, and with a father, and later a brother, holding the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Provisional Guards, von Tompeky received his military education in Berlin, being commissioned to the 2nd Regiment of Paurikern in 1861. As a young man he joined an expedition to found a German colony in Central America on the Mosquito Coast; it found the British already in possession.

Adventures beckoned, the Spaniards were harassing both white and native inhabitants of the colony, so

von Tompeky applied for permission to form and captain an irregular force of Mosquito Indians. He was impressed by their fighting ability, their stealthy approach in jungle strategy, and the devastating shock of their surprise attack. He added to these natural assets, his own high intelligence as developed by his military experience.

Gold called from California, and von Tompeky tried his luck, but with indifferent success, and he returned overland through Mexico to marry the daughter of a British officer stationed at Elorickia. After a period in England and on the Continent, he went to Victoria, where he farmed and was for a time captured by the Melbourne "Argus". While there, he was a candidate against Burke for leadership of the United Farmers and Wife expedition, but he declined the second in command when it was offered to him.

Gold lured him to New Zealand, but a sudden ending of the Maori War in Wairarapa proved a stronger attraction; he made his first contact with it as a correspondent for the "Southern Cross", at Auckland. Brilliant bushcraft, while accompanying Lieutenant Jackson, of Ranger Headquarters, on a three-day scouting trip, brought him an invitation to join. He was made an Rifleman, shortly after joining his own company, mainly at his own expense; by the end of 1863, he was a Captain with two companies of fifty men in each.

Ranger work attracted the dare-devils and the "hard-core" who found discipline relaxing. They did no wages, pay was better; they got a double dose of rum on the week-end. They were bushmen, diggers, bush-rangers, one writer, while awaiting in prison at their ex-

plains, turned most of them "Ruthless, reckless, daring spirits, the very scum of Britain and New Zealand."

But they knew the tricks they knew the foe; they soon learned to know, respect, even admire, their leader. He not only told them how to do it, he showed them how to do it, staking his life on the success of his demonstration. Typical of this was his action in volunteering with McDermott to reconnoitre the enemy headquarters at Paparua.

McDermott was then a subaltern in Nixon's Colonial Defence Force, and the information was required by General Cameron preparatory to attack. Both dressed in the usual Ranger war-dress of breeches, Garibaldi shirt, and duck hat, McDermott carried two revolvers and a short-handled tomahawk; von Tompeky, the mace gun and a bowie knife. He introduced the horse to his company; it became their favourite, and most feared, weapon in hand to hand fighting; they were as deadly and as ferocious as rabbits with it.

The two scouts worked their way through enemy territory during the night. By daylight they were hidden in a tree trunk in the centre of the rebel camp; they could see warriors in all directions; they could hear them speaking.

Both of these points were important, McDermott was a highly practical Maori linguist; he learned much of the plans and the strength of the enemy from what he overheard. Von Tompeky was a quite creditable artist; he made an excellent sketch of the camp fortifications. As they had come, as they departed, spinning as their helms, going in and out in danger, sweeping right through the hostile lines.



A girl wrote to her soldier friend: "I have married a husband's son I have sent back all my photos." The soldier gathered all the photos he could find—other soldiers' mothers, grandmothers, christenings, movie stars and animal photos. He sent the lot with a letter, "I don't recall who you are, but of your photo is in this lot, take it out and return the others."

Such facts as that were part of what von Tompeky required of his men. For the rest, he demanded recklessness during, if called for, in attack, and steadfast loyalty in retreat. Time and again during the campaign, his men proved their worth.

At Orakau, Koro held his men doggedly against superior forces. When formal military tactics failed to dislodge the Maori, von Tompeky was detailed for a desperate assault; he launched it with his troops in lines in spread formation and advanced in leap-frogging, drop-and-run bounds. He breached the fortifications, won the Te, and earned promotion to Major.

Earlier, at Paterangi, the Maori ambushed a party of soldiers who were going to battle in the Manawatu River. Rifle troops were rushed forward, but the natives retreated across the river and from the cover of the bush, took deadly toll on the troops in the teeth of enemy

Sir, von Tumpky swim his troop across the stream and led them into the bush.

Slenderly white men, risked stealthy brown men through trees, brush, and bracken. A snapping twig under an overhanging foot, a ruffling of disturbed ferns, the thin chirp of a nervous bird, these were pointers to a lurking foe: a most stealthy German troop moved; nearer: then he leaped and Death came in the German's back.

And peace came to it. Silence. And out of the silence came the shadowy figure of von Tumpky's man, to return the river back to the camp, victorious, the foe routed. Not were some of them which different in appearance from the brown men they had killed. A number were Pakeha Maori with Maori wives, they dressed like Maori; they were armed like Maori, except that the natives favoured the shot-gun, while the Europeans carried a carbine and Colt.

Such were the men whom von Tumpky trained; such were the men who swore by him; they would "follow old Von to hell". But they would not go without him!

Lieutenant Fraser, a British officer comparatively new to Maori warfare, was promoted over von Tumpky's head to Lieutenant Colonel, and the Major was detailed to serve under him in the Napier district. In protest, von Tumpky tendered his resignation, but his man refused duty without him. The Government declined to accept the resignation; the troop remained, refusing to board the Lord Ashley to embark for Napier.

Eventually von Tumpky was persuaded to withdraw his resignation and he resumed service under McDonnell. In 1904, McDonnell established strong redoubts on the Wait-

moa Plains, one being at Waiti, with a smaller one three miles distant at Turuturu-Mokai. At dawn, on July 13, a strong force of Titchowara's men attacked the smaller redoubt, dealing deadly slaughter; von Tumpky rode to the relief of the beleaguered of the deserted garrison. McDonnell attacked the chief's main Pa by way of punishment, only to be routed on August 11.

"A Tai A Tai" And Tu gave answer by way of a shot from high in a tree; von Tumpky took the full charge. With their bare bodies, most of the friendly natives deserted, some to the enemy. The tables were turned with a vengeance, and hostile reinforcements were rushing forward. Gallant efforts by both officers and men to bring out the leader's body were thwarted by a heavy fall in death from the sniper's gun.

Lieutenant J. M. Roberts, later a Colonel and winner of the coveted New Zealand Cross, organized the retreat, leaving the corpse of Titchowara von Tumpky to the mercy of Tu and Titchowara.

Titchowara was a good leader. It was some years after peace was declared before the Government sent survey parties into his district. One of them, E. S. Brooker, located the spot where von Tumpky fell. Later, remains of his body were found. His sword was never discovered.

War was his skill. Besides being a good leader, Titchowara was a chief priest of Hineatua; the priest of worship of the Hineatua was a pole upon which was skinned the head of a white man. What better head than that of von Tumpky to inspire the savages to fanatical frenzy, leading for white men's blood? Titchowara might have explained the mystery, but he never did. Tu might be the answer!

GORILLAS ARE HUMAN



They kill men with troops, yet can love men like faithful dogs. Henri Manette proved it.

SPENCER LEEMING

HENRI MANETTE trapped and tamed the wildest animals, handled venomous reptiles as though they were housepigs, and made the primitive jungle and the deadly savages of the Central Congo in darkest Africa his natural home.

Henri's hunting holiday was well over fifty years ago, when magazine rifles, motor cars, aeroplanes, and radio did not exist, and a journey through Central Africa had to be done the hard way, and took years instead of weeks.

One of Henri's many quests was for gorillas. He had had a positive order for from three to seven young gorillas for supply to various troops.

He left the village and tramped West, supported by a force of a hundred natives armed with spears, searching for gorillas.

Henri had heard from the natives about that the tribe of vicious hairy ape-men in the neighbouring jungle was so strong that the British would need no weapons with which to fight their enemies. Some villages, the Chief said, had been wiped out, others set on fire by burning vindictive gorillas. Henri thought that even at the heels of the giant hairy ape was something; but he had good reason to believe later that the natives' story was fact, and not fiction, and that there was deliberate intention and

design in such almost human styles.

One day he watched a group of gorillas attacking the fields of a hostile native tribe. No sound came from the bushes. They moved through the jungle noiselessly and unseen. Usually, when on the war-path, they banged their chests, and thus produced the drum-like noise which was the signal for battle. But in surprise attacks they were silent.

Like trained professional soldiers, the great apes fanned out, keeping under cover always, while a reserve of "mooks" took up positions at the edge of the jungle. Then, seemingly at a given signal, they all pounced on their prey.

"No human being," Henri wrote, "could have lived to recover from such an attack." Soldiers did. They use their teeth, which were up to one-and-a-half inches long.

Henri Mearns decided to seek revenge on the hairy beasts. The local Chief gave him a strong well-armed hunting party of about 100 natives. In the grey light of dawn they set out for the Gorilla Country.

After some time had passed they heard the drum-like sound of an angry gorilla beating his stomach. He was uttering cries that sounded like swear words; and Henri was so amazed at the comic picture that he began to laugh.

Immediately the gorilla rushed to attack, and Henri only just had time to throw up his Martini rifle, and press the trigger. He hit the beast, which was five feet four inches high, less than a yard from the muzzle of the Martini. He judged that the bullet had gone clean through the bear's heart.

But the gorilla grabbed the gun, and jerked it out of Henri's hands

as though it was a wisp of straw. The beast gripped the stock, which snapped, and then tried its teeth on the steel of the barrel. Finally the apparently mortally shot gorilla bent the heavy steel rifle over his lower jaw until it became more like the shape of a horseshoe.

Seizing a second rifle, Henri prepared to deliver a further death-blow, but the gorilla collapsed. The animal had lived and fought for a full two minutes after it had been shot through the heart.

Henri later saw a half-grown female gorilla, and let her go, hoping that she would lead them to the other members of her clan. These hopes were fulfilled. Soon the party found two full grown males, two full grown females, and three half grown youngsters.

Then the fight began. There was a battle between spears and brute strength, and some apes fell dead. The others retired into the jungle only to return and hurt themselves on the natives in a counter-attack that was like a whirl-wind. At the finish of the fight seven gorillas and nine natives lay dead. It had been nobody's victory.

Following this encounter, Henri Mearns made an interesting discovery. It was that the gorillas were able to distinguish between peaceful and hostile tribes of human beings. They did this, he found, by smell. Their keen sense of smell could detect the carnivorous human beings—those who ate animals including gorillas—and those who subsisted on vegetables and grain.

A further adventure among the gorillas of the Belgian Congo gave Henri Mearns some even more astonishing knowledge of these remarkable African creatures. One morning his gun-bearer heard a low chirp, like the call of a young

bird. The native boy pointed ahead, and among some rocks Henri saw a fully grown female gorilla. Something small was moving among the long hair of the gorilla. It was a tiny youngster clinging to its mother's hair, just above the hips. Two more females with their young then appeared, with several male apes in attendance.

Gorillas, above all other animals, can do almost what they like with their bodies. The offspring can climb to the hair of the sides and hips, and so hang in front of their mothers with a grip that nothing can break. Young gorillas can be, and are, carried under their mothers' arms, or can cling to their mothers' backs, or be carried by the nape of the neck.

Ever the ruthless hunter, Henri waited for his chance. At last came. He took careful aim at the head of one female gorilla, fired, and the beast collapsed, and lay still. The others came round and sniffed

One other female Henri shot, too, again mortally. Then the rest seemed to melt into the jungle, while the young ones stayed where they were.

Henri advanced towards his "kill", with his natives in attendance. They had almost reached the bodies when some male apes which had watched, reappeared, killed one native boy, and snatched up the two youngsters that had been carried for some time.

Henri decided to try to catch a gorilla or two with nets—roughly-crocheted affairs about thirty feet square which were hung between trees. With one of these nets a half grown female gorilla was caught which Henri promptly transferred to a cage.

For some hours the captive tried to break out of her prison, but in the end she quit. She refused to eat or drink. Henri saw large tears rolling down from her discolored eyes.



After five days during which the gorilla continued her hunger strike, Henri returned, and opened the cage of the ape, holding his rifle ready in case of an attack. For some ten minutes or so the gorilla didn't move. But her eyes were fixed reproachfully on Henri. At last she rose slowly to her feet, but was too weak to stand, so she got down on all fours.

Henri got some cooked porridge and water and placed them outside the cage. There was no movement, so Henri took the food and water into the hut. Upon returning to the cage he saw the gorilla slowly moving towards the open door, which was four feet above the ground.

Weak with starvation, the animal displayed her inability to descend. But she made no hostile demonstrations.

Henri drew the gorilla's arms over his shoulders, lifted her bodily out of the cage, and set her down in the hut in front of the food and water. Then he went back to the cage and slammed the cage door.

By the time that he had returned to the hut the gorilla was greedily eating and drinking, so Henri disappeared to relax a little in his camp chair, not within sight of the gorilla.

A few minutes later the hunter was suddenly aware of someone near him. Henri turned his head, and there, curled up beside his chair was the female gorilla. His heart jumped when he saw her. The beast was refreshed and restored, and anything might happen.

Chancing his arm, Henri stroked and petted the hairy ape. She head it and came on to his lap, making deep crouching noises deep down in her throat. Struggling contentedly in the hunter's arms, she slept for over an hour.

From that day the gorilla was Henri's constant companion in camp. She made no attempt to escape into the jungle to join other members of her clan. When Henri went out for more hunting, the native boys could tell of his return half an hour before he arrived, by watching the gorilla as she went to take up a position near the thorn hedge. Presently she began to call softly into the jungle.

It was a case of gorilla-like devotion.

Henri's wife had no control whatsoever over the tamed gorilla. Yet the beast seemed to understand that the white woman was the man's mate, and adopted an attitude of orderly toleration towards her. Only Henri could pet the animal, and only Henri could feed her. His conquest was complete.

In due course Henri succeeded in trapping two baby gorillas, and brought them to camp, where the female gorilla took charge of them, and reared them as though they were her own.

A few weeks later arrangements for the shipment of the Senegal cargo were made, and Henri decided to hunt in French fields, far beets, ricefields, leopards, lions, elephants, and snakes. It was a and periling with the shrike. The time affectionate gorilla left with tears in her eyes, perhaps in dream of a white creature who was kind to her, someone she could trust and admire.

This story, gathered from scraps of Henri's old notes written over half a century ago, makes one wonder about many things, particularly whether Charles Darwin, in his "Origin of Species," wasn't right after all—in other words, that man-kind really is descended from the hairy ape.

BARRY HENRI



He knew his job slight, but he seemed out of place among us rough and ready bushworkers.

A LONG WAY DOWN

MORTON was the joker's name.

He came down from Kato to our camp in the Mwekwa country—a little place called Pongshakid. It was not even a white-man. We were 30 miles out in a valley. You don't know bush life, you've been there, and you've never seen him. He, fronts, and dressing white, too—we had the lot. It was making a smart the hard way, and you had to be fond of tough work and lousy conditions to take it on. Some would say a man needed his head round.

That Morton was tall and lean, about 35, with a sharp, intelligent face and startling blue eyes. He

had little to say. When he got off the truck that picked his way over the uneven road he only nodded and gave a hard smile as the introduction was made. You know how it is with some men. You can take a shine to them, or a dislike, straight-away. It's instinctive. I liked Morton, and was glad to have him bunking in with me.

I've seen these gazette quest khobes, plenty of them. With them, you'd think words cost a dear a piece. They only use them when they've got something to say. Morton was that kind all right. And the type called me I like to rag and

If the other fellow's an interested listener that's company enough.

On Saturday the store truck came, and brought a huge crate. It took four of us to lift it down.

"What the hell is it?" I eyed Morton. "Bullshit?"

"Books," Morton said. And that was all. He knuckled up some bookshelves and set his books on them. Others lay piled in columns on the floor in the corner. Morton was the most bookish man I ever knew. He was always reading when he could, at night after tea and during the times we were locked up because of the weather. They were too deep for me. There was stuff on philosophy, religion, travel and all that. Even the novels were too dull and heavy for my taste. Give me a good Western any time, or that other Johnny—what's his name?—Peter Cheyney.

In a way I didn't know what to make of this Morton. Where he came from or what he did I wasn't for not trying. I gave him more hints than I cared to, but he wouldn't budge. One thing he said, though: he had worked over a great part of Australia and New Zealand. Yet, with his manner and education, he looked to me like a man who had been used to better things. I couldn't help the suspicion that he was out of place among the rough and ready bush-workers. Actually he wasn't. He certainly knew his job and would stand up to the hardest as well as any of us. It was just that he gave that impression.

And I wasn't the only man to get it. We had a big West Coast Irishman there named Baby Condon. Baby had belted his way through life among the Hokitika miners and bushmen. He liked his gear. And he was handy in a fight. But he was

a pleasant chatterbox, and we all got on fine together.

Morton, though, seemed to try hard. He was impatient with his tactlessness—such a good 'un for me—and his stunted way of speaking. Baby couldn't read the glass and chips in Morton's heater. Morton would only spare him. The stung Baby, and he ended closer to the wind. It came to a head one evening in the mess-room.

When men are together every day for weeks on end, and there's no meat and powder around, you know how they will talk about the stove. Baby Condon knew the score and he was busy letting everybody else into the secret.

Morton listened for some time in silence as he ate; then he pushed his plate away, scowled himself and got up.

Condon poured, his slip of a face upturned. "What's the matter—too new for the little professor?" he asked.

Morton took no notice but started to walk away. Condon grabbed a mouse, pelted it and hit him on the back of the head. He laughed. Morton turned. Slowly he walked back. His startling blue eyes glowed: "You asked for this, Baby?" he said. "I don't want any trouble with you, but it's obvious that since your father didn't do his duty somebody else will have to teach you to behave yourself."

They went outside. Condon made two of Morton. But thirty-two minutes he was flat on his back. All his buffing, bawling-up underpinnings were no match for the boxing skill and punching power of the other. Morton helped him up and hit his hip. Condon gave a bloody grin and got out his big gun. "You'd do me," he said. "Put it there."

Morton shook hands and went out without a word. Condon said to me: "I'll lay six to one he's been in a cann. the same fellow."

We looked out about Morton six weeks or so later. And it happened purely by chance. It was a dirty, bloody day, steel and rain. A sheet of red iron had lifted at one corner and was clanging and hammering. It was plain it would have to be fixed. The noise wouldn't let a man sleep. The rain was driving in and knocking down the wall. If we didn't stretch it the wind would rip the whole lot off.

I was sitting on my bunk having a smoke. Morton was lying in his reading. The thing didn't seem to be worrying him. The heavy weather and being cooped up might have made me a bit cranky. I said: "We'd better do something about that roof."

"Suppose we should?" he said, still reading.

"Well, no time like the present," I prodded him. "Only a few minutes work. There's a ladder over in the canteen."

"What?" Morton said. His eyes were half on me and there was a sort of proud look on his face. He sat up. "You mean, you want me to do it?"

"Well, it's your shack, too," I was a bit puzzled. "I'd do it only you know I've got a gunner leg. She's still up like a balloon at the knee."

He peered at me, then looked thoughtfully away. If ever I saw discomfiture on a man's face I saw it then. I couldn't make it out. A simple job like that. I asked him what was the matter with him. He only muttered, stood up and went out.

We leaned the step-ladder against the wall and kept peering up while the rain streamed down. His sil-

ences. He seemed to be making up his mind. He had the look of a man fortifying himself to face an unpleasant task. Then he ascended, lanky and hunched. Standing in the doorway, I watched his legs disappear as he clambered on to the roof.

He must have been up there for five minutes before he started to hammer the sheet in place. Now! second the hammer plopped to the mud, and there was a fearful un-nerving sound. I don't know whether you'd call it shrieked or something or what. All I know is it put the cold shudders in me. And to realize it came from a man made it all the worse.

I stepped on to the ground and looked up. Morton was standing upright on the roof. He was sort of all crouched into himself as though trying to balance on a narrow ledge. His arms outstretched on his chest, and all the time his dreadful sound coming out of his open lips. The rest of the men rushed up. We all thought Morton had gone mad. We yelled at him to come down.

"He's got a seizure of some kind," cried Baby Condon. "He's hysterical."

He went up the ladder and beckoned Morton. Morton stared drunkenly, whimpered. He made as if to move, then stopped back, wobbled to the spot and the sound went into a horrible cough of sobbing. The next instant he collapsed. Condon carried him down.

In the hut I watched Morton wake up. He found my cot, then wobbled there. I put a smoke in his mouth and it. I asked him if he felt okay. He nodded. I stretched out on my bunk. I knew he felt strength and humiliated. It was a long time before he spoke.

"After performance I turned in,"

be used, apologetically. "They ought to put me away."

"What got into you, Mort?"

He told me then in a brief, returned sort of way, high places. They bothered him. They tormented him. He used to be a shopjack. He had a fall. He scrooped down through space. He might have been hurt if he had gone back up again straightaway afterwards. But he couldn't do that. He was too much about. They fought for his life in a hospital, and when he came out it was too late. The fear was with him like another organ in his body. It was a curse, he said, because it buried his jokes. And there was a lot of heart to be made in the case he couldn't take on in other ways. It was like a disability, a drag on him socially.

"See, Mort, listen—don't that what they call a phobia? Can't you be treated for that sort of thing and get rid of it?"

"It's been with me ten years," Morton said. "And I can't get rid of it."

"If it was that bad why didn't you tell me? Somebody else could have fixed that sort."

"No I like it now and then I try, I want to see if I can master it. But it never works out." He paused. "I shouldn't try it though, not if I want to live."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It's not just a phobia," Morton said. "I've been warned. I got it in that hospital. It wasn't a dream, a nightmare, a premonition or anything like that. It was straightforward knowledge."

"You mean—?"

"I mean I knew how I'm going to die. I'm going to be killed in a fall. That's why I avoid high places, and the occasions of danger. Why I don't alter the circumstances a chance. Wouldn't you?"

"You bet. It's better later than

never. But how can you be sure it's not just imagination . . . ?"

"I'm sure," Morton said.

"Well, fancy being haunted by a thing like that."

I heard him chuckle. "I'm perfectly all right as long as I'm on the ground."

When they heard this the boys seemed to have even more time for Morton. Whether it was out of sympathy or pity I don't know, but it was they never embarrassed him by showing it. And he responded to the warm friendliness and even came out of his shell a bit more. One Saturday afternoon when we were off to Keweenaw for a bit of a boat he reckoned he'd like to be in it. And that was something with Morton. He hadn't left the camp for three or four months.

We did the town drinking and gaming and playing music and those that wanted to chased the skirts. There was a girl I knew in a boarding house; quarter-Moon who'd struck your dial if you so much as breathed bad air her way. Her old man had been a great mate of mine. We picked her up. Morton and I, after she finished work that evening and the three of us went to the pictures and squatted to a restaurant afterwards. She'd had a college education, and Morton seemed to enjoy talking to her.

He began to change quite a bit; got away from the books and listened more to the camp conversation.

One Sunday when Baby Condon wanted to know who was going to join him to a pop hunt, Morton cut his hand up. It was a surprise. He had never come along with us before; always knocked me back when I asked him.

"Well, I'm coming to it now."

There's not much to tell about

the pop hunt. We had a turn in with an old bear in the morning and backed up a new that got away in the afternoon. We thought of making back when Baby's pig dogs got to the good again, and, backing excitedly, beat off through the bush.

"Come on!" yelled Baby. "This is a for sure. We won't go back empty-handed."

We changed after the dogs blundering, picking and forcing our way through the thick vines and creepers. The sound of the dogs changed. They began to yelp hysterically. We knew they had the pig backed. We pushed on as hard as we could in their direction.

Suddenly, Morton who was ahead of me and to the right gave the most chilling, unknown scream I've ever heard and plunged out of sight. The sound seemed to cut off suddenly as though he had been gulleted, but as Condon and I raced to the spot we could hear it echoed and dying away a great distance below.

We drew up short before a transverse, gaping fissure, a narrow hole in the tumbled logs.

"God, Baby, it's a crack!"

They were about there in that country—Manitou cracks. They call them—great gashes like parted lips, fissures from some terrible upheaval in the past. Drop a man into that pitchy blackness and you could hear it bumping and tumbling until you couldn't hear it any more. You never heard it hit bottom. It might have been a mile deep, that chimney, two miles, three. Nobody could say.

Condon's face was like a plaster cast. I was shaken and slow. Think of it. I can't forget it. This man who towered heights tall in the end from a height that was incredible. He fell off the very ground when all the time he thought it was the safest place in the world to be.



"Guess what, Harry!"

CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH

E. M. BURRICH

no. 9



THIS plan, designed for an outer suburb or country town, fits on a block that falls off to the rear and to the side and gets the sun and breeze a view from the side. All rooms except the bath face this side with large glass areas most of which are fixed. French doors and fixed wooden louver windows with movable shutters provide the ventilation.

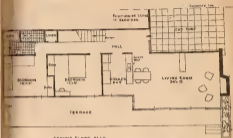
Main entrance to the house is through car port on street side. There is a large living-dining room appearing even larger because the partition towards the kitchen is only six feet high. Bedrooms are reasonably large and washrooms as well as walk-in linen closet are built-in.

Bath and separate toilet are near bedrooms. If indoor sanitation is not possible the area may be used for a store room.

The fall in the ground has been utilized for a combined laundry and slopwater at the lower floor level.

Construction of the house is weatherboard on stone or brick foundations and the same material is used for the fireplace wall. The simple skillion roof is ideal for catching rainwater and is covered with asbestos cement. The terrace consists of wooden planks.

Ground floor area without car port 1150 sq. ft., basement area 310 sq. ft.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN



STREET ELEVATION



LOWER FLOOR PLAN



SOON HIDE

The first circus elephant in America, named Old Bet, arrived in the country in 1832 and was brought by Nathaniel Bailey of Somers, New York. After exhibiting her for several seasons in barns of neighboring villages, Bailey leased the elephant to a friend, Nathan Hovey, who made her the star of the first travelling circus under canvas in U.S.A. In 1837, while the show was in a Connecticut village, Old Bet was shot and killed by religious fanatics who thought she might be a reincarnation of the behemoth described in the Book of Job. Bailey buried Old Bet in Somers and her grave and memorial status became a shrine which have been visited by a countless number of circus employees and fans.

APPRECIATION

In Rockville, Illinois, members of the City Council were treated when a taxpayer stood up at a council meeting and congratulated the members for installing new street signs. It marked the first time on record that anyone had praised the council.

DISAPPEARS

During the reign of Elizabeth I, the three daughters of Sir Henry

Offish inherited the ancient estate, Barton Agnes Hall, in the east riding of Yorkshire. The youngest of the sisters was passionately fond of the Hall, soon after taking up residence, the younger sister, Anna, went visiting. On the way she was attacked by thieves, who stole a ring from her and left her unconscious. Anna was found, carried to the Hall, where she died five days later. Before she died she made a gruesome request: she wanted her hand sewed from her body and preserved within the walls of the Hall. She further stipulated that it was never to be removed. "Mikie this, my last wish, known to any who may come into ownership," she said, "and let those future generations know that if my desire be not fulfilled, my spirit shall render the house uninhabitable for human beings."

TESTAMENT

During the 16 centuries in which the New Testament was copied by hand, so many alterations were made by the scribes, in order to define harsh sayings and strengthen indecisive statements, that there are approximately 15,000 variations in the extant manuscripts of this part of the Bible.



LEO FABIAN

As a boy he always sought knowledge. He grew up to become the most noted scientist of his day.

PEOPLE shook their heads over

the doing of a strange boy who lived in the little Italian town of Sansepolcro during the 1770's. An absorbed, studious little fellow, he carried Greek verses by the hour as he played. Before he was five, he deserted the usual playmaking of his playmates to conduct what seemed complete experiments with bodies, bugs, fish and worms.

Today, Lazzaro Spallanzani, this once "gnaw" child of Sansepolcro, is remembered as one of the pioneers of modern science. A bold, persistent and acquiring thinker, he did much to rid the world of superstition and ignorance by opening the paths of scientific research.

Spallanzani became one of the first men to take up the study of the

systematic new world found nearly half a century before by an immortal Dutch janitor named Antony Leeuwenhoek. It was a world peopled by thousands of different kinds of tiny beings no one had seen before. Invisible to the naked eye, they were not able to wipe out whole crops of men. They were the silent enemies we now call microbes.

Spallanzani's work is not so outstanding for what he discovered and established. He is remembered more for his persistence in finding out the truth and refusing to accept anything until it had been proven by experimentation. Spallanzani was one of the most important foundation layers, not only of the field, but of the ideals of modern science.

Born in Switzerland in 1828, Leonardo Spallmann was the son of a lawyer. He had an aversion to the law and resented family attempts to apprentice him to it. Instead, he spent hours of each day studying the heavens and the stars—and lecturing his schoolmates on his findings.

All Leonardo's spare time was spent in the outdoors. He liked to skip and stones across the surface of a pond and work out why they did not sink. When he wandered in the nearby woods he found fascinating natural phenomena. All the people he asked about them repeated a local legend.

He was told that the water flowed from the tears of sad and beautiful maidens deserted and left to die in the woods. Leonardo listened politely. He made a mental promise to himself that one day he would find the real explanation of the fountain.

Leonardo went to the University of Berne, with science as his designated career. Spallmann threw himself into the study of mathematics and logic. He translated Homer and wrote a paper on the mechanics of shipping stones over water and another on the sources of natural fountains. He was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church and appointed a lecturer at the University.

With the university facilities, Leonardo Spallmann was enabled to begin researches to solve the question his inquiring mind continually posed.

One of the most widespread fallacies of the day was the belief that living things could arise spontaneously by some dark and mysterious process.

People believed the evidence of their eyes. They saw a swarm of bees apparently develop in the body of a dead bullcock. They saw maggots

and flies emerge from putrid meat. They saw swarms of mice develop in a field of wheat. Nothing could convince them that such seeming evidences had suggested the advantages of legitimate parenthood.

Even an educated man, like the English naturalist, Bacon, could dogmatically announce "To question that bees and wasps were generated in one dung is to question reason, sense and experience."

The clear, logical mind of Leonardo Spallmann could not accept this superstition of spontaneous development of life. But, unlike others of similar view, he did not waste his energy in futile argument. Instead, in his university laboratory, Spallmann procured two pigs. In both he put a piece of fresh meat. One jar he left open. The other he covered with cloth.

Before his eyes, flies appeared and alighted on the meat in the open jar. Soon maggots and eventually new flies appeared in their wake. In the covered jar there were no maggots and no flies "spontaneously developed."

By that simple means did Spallmann, and his inquiring mind, demolish a legend that had been widely accepted for 1600 years.

From flies, Spallmann turned to the tiny microbes discovered by Antony Leeuwenhoek. People now admitted that, although flies might come from eggs left by their mothers, as Spallmann had proved, the little, invisible animals of the Dutch scientist could develop by themselves.

In England, a scientist named Needham conducted an experiment which seemed to prove this. He placed hot mutton gravy in a bottle and corked it up so that nothing could get in. To kill any microbes or eggs that might have been in the bottle, he heated it in hot ashes.

Some days later, Needham uncorked the bottle. The gravy, when examined through a lens, was swarming with microbes. Needham wrote of his findings to the Royal Society, which promptly made him a fellow. "It is a marvellous discovery," Needham claimed boastfully. "These little animals can only have come from the juice of the gravy. This proves that life can come spontaneously from dead stuff."

"Stuff and nonsense," started Spallmann in Rome, when he heard of Needham's experiment. "He didn't heat the bottle long enough or cork it tight enough."

Spallmann proceeded to prove his point with a number of flasks of mutton gravy. He heated the necks of half of the flasks until the glass melted and closed over the opening. The other half he plugged with corks. With all the flasks sealed, he dumped them in cauldrons of boiling water. Some he removed after a few minutes. Others he kept boiling for an hour.

The flasks were all left for several days. Then Spallmann examined their contents under a lens. Those which had been sealed with glass and boiled for an hour showed no trace of a living microbe. Those that had been boiled only for minutes showed some small living organisms. It was a different story with the flasks merely corked. Even those that had been boiled for an hour "were like lakes in which swam fishes of all sizes from whales to minnows".

Excitedly he set down his findings in a paper and dispatched it to the learned societies in half a dozen European capitals.

"Needham's fool," proclaimed the Bern physician. "Life only comes from life. Every living thing has to have a parent—even Leeuwen-

hoek's little animals. Seal the flasks so that nothing can get in. Heat them long enough so that even the toughest microbes will be killed. Then, you'll never find any living thing in the fluid if you keep it till decayed."

Spallmann's argument was irresistible. Needham retired from the fray.

His place was taken by the famed French naturalist, Cuvier. He announced a new—and just as fallacious—theory of life, which he called the "Vitalistive Force".

Openly he attacked Spallmann—but with words, not experimental findings.

"Your experiment does not hold water," he claimed, "because you heated the flasks for an hour. That does not weaken and so damages the Vitalistive Force that it can no longer make little animals."

Spallmann brewed some gravy and soup to put in flasks. The flasks were plugged with corks—which Cuvier and was enough—and boiled for varying periods. When later examined, it was found that those that had been boiled for hours after contained more microbes swarming about than the ones that had only been heated for minutes.

As a diversion from his microbe research, Leonardo Spallmann turned to other fields—the digestion of food in the human stomach, how blind bats keep from bumping into each other, and the mating habits of trout and loach.

In the university and learned societies of Europe, Spallmann, by his logical experimentation and widespread research, was recognized as the foremost scientist of the day. Maria Theresia of Austria gave him the highly lucrative appointment of Professor of Natural History at the University of Pavia and

Character of the Natural History Museum of that city.

When he arrived at Paris, the museum was empty. Spallmann went to the four corners of the world for the most astounding array of specimens then collected. He climbed dangerous mountains for alpine flora, dug holes for minerals and precious ores, ranged the Mediterranean for haremhead sharks and collected almost every known bird in Europe.

In the intervals between his far-distant excursions, he pushed on with his own laboratory work. Haggards were soup and lived more microbes. It became an obsession with him. He blew tobacco smoke at them and saw their almost human irritation. He electrocuted them, poisoned them, cooked them, froze-dried them, colored them and tried to outpace them.

Lamarque Spallmann grew old. He decided he should see more of the world before he died. The new Emperor of Austria, Joseph II, granted him leave of absence and finance for an extended tour.

Spallmann dug for the ruins of ancient Troy, in the Mediterranean. He was shipwrecked and risked his life to save 1000 boxes of specimens he had collected from various islands. In Turkey he was fished by the Sultan.

Back at Paris, he continued his microbe hunting. There was still one aspect of the lives of the "little animals" to be definitely settled. This was how they multiplied. Other scientists had been at work on the problem. In Geneva a young Swiss named de Saussure declared that microbes do not breed like animals, but a microbe dividing into two parts became two new microbes.

An Englishman named Hill scoffed at de Saussure's assumption.

It was left to the veteran microbiologist, Lamarque Spallmann, to settle the two theories in the only way possible—actual experimentation.

With infinite patience, and after endless attempts, he managed to steer a single microbe into a drop of pure distilled water.

"I've done it!" cried the old man in triumph. "No one's ever done this before. I've got one microbe all by himself. Now nothing can tempt him. Now we'll see if he can turn into two new ones."

An every schoolboy now knows that was inevitable. Before Spallmann's wondering eyes, the tiny, rod-like microbe began to grow thinner and thinner in the middle. When it was held together only by a gossamer, spider-web thread, the two ends began to wrinkle with the strain of juddering muscles. Suddenly they jerked apart and landed away as two completely new microbes.

This proved that de Saussure's inspired and now classic guess was a correct explanation of microbe "breeding", and that the "little animals" never knew marriage. Was Spallmann's last contribution to the march of science?

A few weeks later, in 1799, the pioneer researcher collapsed in his laboratory with apoplexy. Within three days he was dead.

His final words, as death increasingly closed his eyelids for the last time, were typical of his scientific beliefs and scientific march for truth.

"I know my bladder is diseased," he purred to the attending physician. "Then it's not after I go. Maybe you'll learn something more."



GLOVES OFF IN COURT

RAY MITCHELL

It was just another fight in Madison Square Garden, but the decision was reached in a court of law.

THE last punch had been thrown.

The bell had rung and the judges' and referee's score cards had been collected. The announcer came to ring centre and announced over the microphone: "Judge Charles Sharkey awards seven rounds to Billy Graham and three to Joe Giardello. Judge Agnello has awarded six rounds to Giardello, four to Graham, referee Ray Miller has awarded five rounds to Giardello, four to Graham and one even. The winner, on a split decision—Joe Giardello."

Immediately Madison Square Garden was an uproar. To the majority it appeared that Graham had won the fight. It appeared so, too, to the Commissioner of the New York Athletic Commission, Robert Christenberry, who promptly announced that the decision was "subject to review".

Christenberry called for the judges' and referee's scorecards and he scolded them. Without Agnello's knowledge, he altered that Agnello's card, thus giving the fight to Graham. Thus did he bring that fight, which, although between world rated fighters, was not worthy of world action, right to the forefront of world boxing. Not only that, but he was backed into court, because the New York Commission rules state that only on evidence of fraud or evidence that the points total had been added incorrectly, is the Boxing Commissioner justified in having a review and a new

A baby riddle was posed by the mother. No matter where they were or what they were doing, he asked the same question. Finally she turned to him in exasperation "Okay," she said, "you were pulled out of a newspaper's lot. Now will you quit asking questions?"

verdict. And Agnello's card was not added incorrectly, nor was there ever a suggestion of fraud. It was just that Christenberry did not agree with the judge's counting up of the fourth and last rounds. He told Agnello had not scored those rounds according to the rules of boxing.

Some weeks later Giardello was in court as plaintiff and he won his case when Justice Bernard Bolan ruled that Robert Christenberry was out of order in affecting the card of Judge Agnello.

The fight took place on December 18, 1963, and computers of record books left blank spaces opposite the names of Graham and Giardello when it came to recording the result of the fight.

In the interim between the fight and the court case, much copy was written about Christenberry's action. The consensus was that he had used boxing writers quoted the rule applying to decisions and all revolved the coming of the court case. If the verdict were to stand

as Christenberry had made it, then there was no need for judges to be appointed to score for fights. After all, all judges in America are licensed and have to know their job. If Christenberry did not have sufficient faith in judges, then those officials became so much excess baggage.

Justice Bolan ruled that the New York Commission had no power to change official scorecards, except in cases already stated. In an 11-page report, he stated that the New York Commission had no power to alter laws, their duty was to police them.

He pointed out that split decisions are not unusual and that the difference of opinion among officials never caused riots or loss of confidence in those officials. "Their judgment," he added, "reflects not only their perceptions and experiences, but is inevitably colored by their own sense of boxing values."

Scoring is not a routine process in boxing. Points are given for many things in boxing, for attack and defense, for blows landing with the knuckle part of the glove on the target with sufficient force to affect the opponent. In cricket, runs are scored; in football, tries and goals are scored. So it is with all games and sports. Runs are won by the first to breach the tape, Tennis matches are won by the first to score definite points. But in boxing, aside from a knockout, nothing is definite. Certainly points are scored for various actions, but good judges see different actions from different parts of the ringside and judges of equal ability do not always score the same amount of points while watching the fight from the same area. It is not the fault of the judges; it is rather the in-

Illustration by
JOHN HUGHES

definite routine of scoring in boxing as compared with other sports.

As Justice Roberts wrote in his dissent: "Demeraging effect of Moore, apportionment, defensive work, ring generalship and sportsmanlike actions receive points. At best these general standards furnish no chart for a mathematical taking off of points."

In the Giardello-Graham fight, the Commissioner had not altered the mood of referee Ray Miller, who had also voted for Giardello. Justice Roberts pointed out, Ben Aronoff's card was altered because, according to Robert Christenberry, "he had failed to follow the standards set forth in the boxing rules."

"This," said Roberts, "tendances to vague as to be meaningless."

There were some who said the boxing is court of a matter of a more decision was trivial. But the Justice himself answered that one very well. Boxing is a very important sport, one which, in most countries of the world, is controlled by Boxing Boards, or Commissions and under these Boards or Commissions, everyone connected with boxing must hold licenses. Every boxer, manager, trainer, judge, referee, second, announcer, timer, clock-taker, box-office employee hold licenses to ply their wares. Each must be qualified in his own sphere to do the job he is given, no incompetent man can manage or second a fighter or do any other duty in boxing in any country where there is a boxing commission.

Boxing is a highly competitive sport in which the most colorful fighters earn the most money, because they have the drawing power. To remain on top a fighter must have as many victories as defeats, as a decision against him could lose him lucrative contests.

No fight promoter was every fight; no fight fan sees every fight; and the cold hard figures in the record books just show that one fighter lost to another. The record books do not show a split decision, or a bad verdict. They do not show the circumstances in which a fighter was beaten. Perhaps you read where a fighter was knocked out by another. But the record books do not show that maybe the fighter who was knocked out was landing on points at the time and maybe got a little careless. Or maybe he suffered a cut eye or a damaged hand or some other injury and so was unable to complete the scheduled journey, thus leaving "K.O. By" against his name—knocked out by an inferior fighter.

Sometimes you will see where a fighter has lost a points decision to another. The record book does not reveal that maybe the beaten fighter was not at his best that night. Maybe he was a little off color; maybe he hurt his hand and could not punch with his full force.

But, even if a fighter is on top form, he does not always win, usually there is someone who will beat him. He takes that chance. But when he wins a fight and has the verdict given against him, it is tough, and he may lose matches because of that.

In the case of the Giardello-Graham fight, Giardello made sure the circumstances would be known. Even if he had lost the case, the publicity would have ensured further fights in many places. But he knew he would win it.

Although points are scored for similar actions in most rings of the world, the methods of arriving at the winner differ in many places. Note that the Giardello-Graham fight verdict was given on the num-

ber of rounds won, in the event of the number of rounds being even. In New York, points are given to a winner. But the best system of numerical winner is practiced in Australia. Here a fighter can win any seven rounds of a 10-round fight and lose the decision. Rightly so, because the seven rounds he wins may be won by narrow margins, whereas his opponent may win his five rounds clearly. Points over the whole fight are what counts here, not points over each round.

Take it this way. A fighter, whom we will call Green, may win the first four rounds at 3 points to 2 each round; he may lose the next two 4-1 each; he may win the next two 3-2, lose the next 3-2, lose the following one 2-3, win the next 3-2 and lose the last 1-4. Green has thus won seven rounds to his opponent's five, but his total is 24, as against his opponent's 22, which makes Green's opponent the winner. However, by the New York ruling, Green would be given the verdict as much a score card. If the Australian method had been followed in the Giardello-Graham fight, perhaps there would never have been any need for a reversal of the verdict and thus there would have been no reversal of a reversal. And this article would never have been written, because there would have been no need for it.

Robert Christenberry is a fanatical man. He showed that a few days after taking office. In a brawl between Willie Pep and Sandy Saddler Christenberry brought both fighters before him, took away Pep's license for an indefinite period and suspended Saddler for a set time. And that night was for the world farther-thing till.

There have been other occasions when Christenberry acted quickly, wisely and for the good of boxing.

He scared the gangster element from New York boxing. Not that gangsters frequent boxing and are tied in with it as we are led to believe by Hollywood, but there was a gangster element, though small, in New York boxing. Christenberry worked out the rot, by taking away licenses and punishing the sport. The National Boxing Association of America, a group formed of Boxing Commissions in some 40 States of America, could well follow suit.

Christenberry scared the respect of all good, clean, sports-loving people and he earned the awe of the worst-possible. But, in the case of Giardello and Graham, he overstepped the mark. He was brought back to earth, his true position was shown.

Perhaps it is as well that the affair happened, because everyone in New York found out exactly where he stood. But, for those who say a Boxing Commission is not necessary, the Giardello-Graham case is not as much in their favour as it would appear at first sight. In a non-Commission country, if such a case should occur, the wronged party would be unable to appeal to a court of law in an appeal against a verdict, because the promoter employs the referee, who gives the verdict in Australia. In Commission-controlled countries, the promoter does not employ the referee; that official is appointed by the Commission.

Such a case has never happened in Australia, but who knows what could happen in the future.

And what of Joe Giardello and Billy Graham now? At the time of writing, Joe at the number two middleweight contender and Billy at the number two lighter contender.

FIVE TERRIBLE TOUGHIES

Captain Best's psychology softened and a meeting took place on the ship. War was that the end of it.

GUS SORESENSEN



CAPTAIN GEORGE BEST wasn't a particularly hard man to get on with. In fact, when it came to discipline with the crew he was far the milder part very far. This in itself should have been a normal factor to instill popularity with any seafaring man and you would think that Best's coming of rightly once on the high sea would have earned him enough notoriety to have seamen clamouring 'to aid' under him.

But it was not so. There was one single thing that made him hated, equally with the crew of the barque, Carwell. The captain carried a revolver. It wasn't so much the fact that the crew were aware that

their captain had a weapon on his person. It was the way he displayed it that alienated them.

Best's character was a mixture of bravado and cowardice, with the latter predominating. He thought the easiest way to show the men that he didn't want any nonsense was to let the revolver be seen and he wandered about the vessel with it bulging his back pocket and the butt protruding.

The captain possessed that the prominently placed gun was good psychology. It derived from the start who was best. It spoke all languages and was far superior to any tongue-tongue.

But when the Carwell left Olan-

are for Buenos Aires towards the end of 1871, any idea that Best had about the revolver during the crew up with him went wide of the mark. There was smooth sailing right enough, the men earned out their particular duties but they formed no outstanding friendship for their master. If anything, his behaviour annoyed them so much that when the barque reached Buenos Aires they lost no time leaving her.

However, Captain Best was not entirely deserted. Those who remained with him were the first and best of men, the steward, two youthful apprentices and the carpenter. On fresh arrivals were James Beane, an Englishman and James Carwell a Scotman, two Seaside brothers, Gaspar and Galeazzo Fieroni, three Greeks, Charles and Nicholas Santos and Big George. The cook, who shared the same feeling as the disgraced party, also left the Carwell at Buenos Aires but had also been replaced.

The Carwell, after unloading several cargo at Buenos Aires, left for the Chilean port of Antofagasta. Everything was going all right until one morning when one of the crew picked up his pillow of food and dashed it to the floor. This action broke the ice for further demonstrations about the poor meals the cook was serving. Best heard of this, and, whipping out his revolver, reminded them that he was in charge of the ship and they could finish up in water with a dot of lead and water.

The cook, anticipating the worst, was pleased when the barque reached Antofagasta. He packed up his knives and spoons and deserted.

The Carwell took on a load of supplies for Quetzalten, and when she sailed on January 1, 1871, she was without a cook. Big George staggered on to the vessel in no

condition for duty. He hunched onto his bunk to sleep it off. That night he was still in a drunken stupor and failed to report for his watch. Best hurried on his cabin and getting no response pushed the door open.

"On your feet, man," the captain rapped.

But all Best got from the redness-black cabin was a flood of urine and drunken groans. He stood motionless for seconds indecisive, then slamming the door walked away.

This incident stirred up the watching in the captain and his failure to enforce his order to the Greek brought about fatal consequences. It was the lead to sailing.

Four days out from the Chilean port Captain Best was reaching his rounds of the ship. He wanted satisfied that everything was progressing favourably and he stopped where Big George was working on the main deckboard rigging. He told the Greek that he wanted a good job done and gave him a few pointers on how to do about it.

Big George was not impressed. Instead he snarled and said "The same orders on ship. He knows job."

Then he jumped to the deck and killed Best with a knife.

The mate, William Wilson, who was working forward, heard the cries and rushed to see what was the matter. He only got as far as the galley. His progress was blocked by Charles and Nicholas who killed him to death.

Gus Sorensen dashed for the Carwell looking for McLean, the second mate, and Griffiths the steward. The Greeks killed them.

The four murdered men were tossed overboard and the Greeks roiled up Ferguson and McDonald

the two apprentices, MacGregor, the carpenter and Dunn, and Carrick. These five, unarmed, could do nothing but obey the order to kneel on the deck and pledge their allegiance to the mutineers. Then the decks were scrubbed, the ship's name obliterated and the party invited on the boat the mutiny could offer and helped themselves to whatever took their fancy in the cabins.

The mutineers, although now in charge of the *Cornwall*, had various ideas about what was to be done with her and how they could execute their escape. But whatever happened, the five realized that nothing could be done successfully while the British crew was alive. But for the time being they were necessary as none of the mutineers knew the first thing about navigation. So until the opportune time they were to be unharmed.

The navigation was taken over by Carrick. In the meantime, the *Pastoria* adopted a friendly manner towards the British crew and told them of the plot to get rid of them. The Greeks were going to make sure they were not brought to justice. The Indians claimed they refused to be a party to any further murders and were now peaceful.

Later it became known to Carrick and his desperado that the *Cornwall* was to touch up in Greece when Big George imagined she would bring a heavy price along with the shipment of nitrates. But that she was to go to the mouth of the River Plate where the *Pastoria* were to leave her.

It was the end of February when the *Cornwall* reached Cape San Antonio, the south entrance of the River Plate. About ten miles from the Cape, Gagner and Giuseppe Pastoria made preparations to leave in a *Libertad*.

One night Big George and

Nicholas, with murder their intention, tried to enter the 'midship' house where MacGregor was sleeping. They were out of luck because the carpenter had secured his door and fastened the ports. On another occasion Big George attacked to the fore-cabin with intentions of getting rid of Dunn. The Greek was surprised to find one of the apprentices in the cabin and he left in a hurry.

It was obvious to Carrick and his mates that the pressure was now on, the Greeks were getting desperate and it wouldn't be long before the five would be sharing a similar grave as their captain and the other three. It was also clear that Dunn and MacGregor would be the first to go because Carrick would still have to navigate and he would need one of the apprentices to assist him.

While the revengeful patch was constantly mounting with the Greeks it wasn't exactly damaged with the British either. The ladies had a discussion and agreed that the last thing to do was to beat the Greeks to the blow.

Their plan was for Carrick, McDonald and MacGregor to creep up on Big George while he was at the poop and strike him down. Once he was quitted the attack was to be continued on Nicholas and Nicholas who would be in their beds.

The next night—of two bells of the middle watch—the three men moved quietly towards the poop. MacGregor carried an axe, Carrick an axe and McDonald a hammer.

Big George spotted them. He left the poop and moved along the deck waving his pistol. But MacGregor scored first.

The plan was operating without a hitch. Nicholas and Christian were trapped in their cabin. Nicholas in desperation switched up his revolver and fired twice. Both shots

went wide and he was killed. Christian appealed to his attackers and was spared. With Charles in town, the British were once again in control.

Carrick could have taken her back to the River Plate but decided to set the course for Queens-town, their original destination. The *Cornwall* reached the Irish coast on May 14. From there she was escorted into Queens-town by a British yacht.

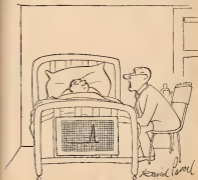
On July 27, of the same year, *Christie Smith* was brought to trial at Cork.

He was found guilty, sentenced to

death and hanged in August.

Nearly three years had passed by and the two *Libertad* had not been apprehended. Then in the early months of 1879, Giuseppe Pastoria was re-arrested in Montevideo and arrested. In an effort to screen his real identity he was using the name Francesco Marchese. Carrick identified him as Pastoria and he was taken to Cork for trial. He was sentenced to death and was executed.

Gagner Pastoria was still free. But whether he knew it or not, the score for justice was even and the hand for him was abandoned.



"Sorry I brought up the matter of your bill yesterday."

PATTERNS
OF
PULCHRITUDE





BAYOU VENGEANCE



JAMES HOWARD LEVEQUE

FICTION

They all laughed when old Prosper began to write his memoirs. But none knew that Prosper planned to make the killer with the knife.

FOR several days now, old Prosper Moreau had been sitting on the steps of his little cabin, staring moodily at the sluggish waters of Bayou Petit. His Cajun neighbors watched uneasily, wondering.

"It's better something, that old one," said Armand Grevin, the unofficial mayor of Bayoune. "Another scheme inspired by the devil to make peasants of us all. Remember how he tried to borrow our money to build a moon life before the corporation built them?"

"And his plan to pool our trapping lands to fight the syndicate," said Madame Pompanne. "Just stupid!" Prosper reads too many books. It is unhealthy."

The next afternoon his neighbors stopped wondering and began laughing. Prosper had loitered around Andre Moreau's general store for quite a while before remarking sadly, "I am well past seventy now. I am too old to fish, too old to hunt. There is nothing left for me to do but write my autobiography—the history of my life."

Someone asked, "But Prosper, how you make a living, hein?"

Prosper did not remind them that his old age would now be secure if they had trusted him more and outsiders less—or if his son had not died so mysteriously with a knife hole in his back.

He shrugged. "My needs are simple, men evil. A little food and tobacco, a little clothing. I have my house and my books. Heaven will surely provide for the least of its creatures."

Frequently thereafter, trappers who peddled in their traps along the bayou reported seeing Prosper, sitting at a back-laden table under the live oak tree in his side yard, writing busily, severely taking time to wave to them as they passed. Every week or ten days, he would walk from his home on the outskirts of Bayoune to the post office and thrust deposit in the mail a bulky, sealed envelope addressed to a Lafayette attorney.

"For safekeeping until I get it all finished," he explained at the store one day. "I do not want my manuscript stolen."

Many jokes were made about that, after Pierre had left Fosse-ove de Dieu, who would want to steal the story of such a dull life? Several weeks passed and Prosper began to lose weight noticeably.

"He is hungry, that old one," skeptically remarked. "Heaven is not providing, after all. Who eats meat again, and how does one sweet, sitting in the shade of a tree, writing the story of one's life, hein?"

Pere Fosseove, the only-poly old priest, passing at that moment, overheard. The following Sunday, while his congregation gathered in the May best, he delivered an hour-long sermon on the sins of the tongue, quoting authorities through the centuries from St. Paul and St. Augustine to the bishop of his own diocese.

Perhaps it was this that caused everyone to fall silent when Pros-

per entered Moreau's store the next Saturday to purchase tobacco and coffee.

Their business completed, Moreau, with a broad wink at the others, asked, "How is the history of your life marching these days, Prosper?"

The old Cajon shook his head. "My memory is not as good as it was," he replied slowly. "I have forgotten a few details, here and there. For instance, do you remember nearly years ago, Andre, when you were buying dried Spanish moss and old Black Henry advised you of sharing him, saying your snakes were crooked? I don't remember whether you hit him with a meat cleaver or a saw knife."

Andre Moreau's face went pale. "It was self-defense—everybody knew it was self-defense."

"Everybody knew about your snakes, too, Andre."

Moreau swallowed. "I thought—we all thought—you were writing the story of your life, Prosper."

"But I am!" the old Cajon protested. "Black Henry died in my arms. Can I help it if the story of my life necessarily includes much history of this community and of the people in it?"

He paused a moment, watching the entire group, then went on amiably. "Ah, what interesting things I have in my about you all! Times—no!—that many of you do not even suspect I know! I see hardly went until my book is published and being read everywhere!" Smiling genially, he picked up his packages and left.

A bomb full of stars could not have exploded in Bayoune with greater violence. In no time at all, the village settled with curiosity. What was he writing—that old

potential help? Now de Dios, he had been sitting there under that oak tree writing for weeks. What terrible things had he been saying about them all?

There were some who felt no emotion deeper than curiosity. One of these, Jules Lafrene, called on Prosper that very evening.

"There are things," he said in French, "a man likes to forget—and have forgotten by others."

"A natural human sentiment," Prosper agreed.

"I am not responsible for what will happen to anyone who dips up readers I want left behind!"

"But Jules! Your besting whisky was the very best in all Louisiana! Even the reputable agent who was shot admitted that—before he died!"

Jules Lafrene's face was grim. "Nevertheless, you did fool, I demand that you say nothing—nothing, do you understand?—about me in this book you are writing!"

Prosper's voice became very soft. "That sounds, even now, almost like a threat. But surely it can't be. Because, of all people, you should find it in your interest to see that I live long enough to revise the portion of the manuscript my lawyer now is keeping for me—keeping sealed, unless, unless I do, by anyone but me."

Lafrene glared. Prosper continued, "I wrote it while I was hungry, Jules, and a hungry man will often say things which later, if his stomach were full, he would find it convenient to leave unsaid."

Jules Lafrene knew a proposition when he heard one. Forde on an actor, his attitude changed, became one of intense concern.

"Hungry? But Prosper, my old friend, you should have told us. We will never forgive ourselves

To think that while we were trying to kill you—" He leaned forward. "Right at this moment, Gladiolus is making court-bourles—of red suspect! How does that sound, huh?"

Prosper smiled his pleasure. Jules straightened and moved to the door but stopped to add, "It may even be that you will soon be so busy eating you won't have time to write, huh?"

"It may even be," Prosper agreed. As he sat down, he put down to the first full meal he had seen in weeks.

It was past midnight when he awoke to the sound of a hand tapping on his back window.

"It's Celeste," a woman's voice said in answer to his call. "Do be quiet, Prosper!"

He did not go outside. The night was black and Celeste seemed excited.

"I—I had to see you, Prosper! For hours I have been lying awake, almost frantic. Finally, I could stand it no longer. I had to come."

"You left your husband at home?"

"Yes. Around a table."

"Well?"

"—This book you are writing, Prosper—there are certain things Armand does not know . . ."

"About his cousin, perhaps? And a handsome young man from Lafayette who, when Armand was away, would wait there in the courtyard for someone?"

She began sobbing now, silently, her head bent against his window sill, her shoulders moving convulsively.

"I have died a million deaths," she choked. "If Armand should ever learn of it—"

"I don't intend that he shall, Celeste."

She looked up. "Then you won't—I mean—"

"No, I will not write anything of it."

Suddenly she was crying again, louder than ever, but the tone of it was different. "Oh, Prosper, I am so relieved! One day I shall do something for you!"

Prosper smiled. He had been gallant enough, he decided. Now he would think of himself.

"It has been a long time, Celeste, since I tasted a bottle of your blackberry wine—the best by far in the whole parish. An occasional bottle of good white makes it so much easier to forget many things. And it will help us to celebrate a little joke of our own, no?"

In the days that followed, gifts were many. A baked ham from

Alexis Tassay (who owned a dock of washed cards), a basket of crabs from Madame Fourcasse (who secretly practiced astrology), six jars of fig preserves from Antoine Tourne (who had adopted an orphan who looked just like him).

Père Franchet, observing this sudden generosity with some surprise (and a little suspicion), nevertheless approved. Why, it was almost as though the town had adopted Prosper! When the old priest (who, as everybody knew, had led a blamable life) contributed two dozen eggs, and signs attached to feeding Prosper was removed. Gifts poured in. Soon Prosper's little kitchen bulged



"It's not bad considering he made it the same day he bought the bottle."

with food. He had never eaten as well.

Presently it was noticed that he no longer wrote. Asked about it at Mercante's store one day, he replied, "I find it too uncomfortable, writing on a full stomach."

Everybody laughed uproariously and Mercante gave him a pair of old rubber boots as he left.

But it was also noticed that Prosper was seen about the village more frequently. Observing his neighbors realized. Watching. Gathering—now the children—more inclined to write when he got hungry again!

A sudden wave of revulsion, foreign to his character, swept over Brayer. There were no parties or sing-alongs, to Saturday night dances at which fights could come. Everybody was in his own home, in his own bed, by nine o'clock. An official order would not have been more rigidly observed.

There were rubles, here and there Jean Piroet for one. He met Prosper beside the bakery one day and said in French, "I am not such a duple as the others, Prosper. From me you will get no tribute."

"Tribute?" These friendly gifts? Jean swore and spat into a clump of water hyacinths. "Tribute," he repeated. He was a tall man, scarred and hard, more worldly-wise than most. "You have everything afraid of you. Except me. I laugh!"

"You were always a great one for making jokes, Jean and, though I dreamy some people—the warden at the Northern Fur Company among them—would not think you funny."

"What do you mean by that?" Piroet demanded.

"A great joke, Jean," Prosper chuckled. "They are probably wondering to this day why their constant trips near Shell Island

were always empty."

Piroet's face was when, "I don't know what you're thinking about!"

"But I do. For one whole morning I watched. A masterly piece. One of the funniest, believe me, Jean."

Piroet leaned forward, nearer in every line of his face. "Prosper, did you ever hear of 'black-mail'?" he asked.

"Well, yes. Yet no one—least of all, you, Jean—would want me to tell in open court, under oath, all I have seen."

"And liked, have you heard of that?"

"Well, yes."

"First that about me and I'll see you."

"I am an old man, Jean, with only a year or two remaining. When I spend them in no consequence to me. A good is as good as anywhere else. A money judgment, you see, would do you no good. I have nothing."

"Said I am a great fool to be arguing with you. No publisher would ever print the story of your life. Mindless or trust I shall tell that to everyone at the store, too."

"We shall see, Jean, we shall see."

That night Prosper wrote a letter to a book publishing firm.

Pere Francois visited Prosper next day.

He ascended the ladder steps to the high front porch and stepped his legs with a damp handkerchief.

"I have come," the old priest said, "to make a speech."

"And is time for a cup of coffee," Prosper replied, pouring. "Sit down, Pere Francois."

THE priest sat and accepted the drink. "I am in many ways very obtuse," he began. "I do not perceive truths quickly or easily

which very likely is why, at my age, I am not a bishop or even a manager. I must look closely and listen, and guess. Lately I have been doing a great deal of guessing."

Prosper said nothing. Pere Francois sipped his coffee and continued. "In recent weeks, Brayer, has been strangely hawking. It is uncomfortable and unsuited to a man. To my knowledge, there has not been a genuine mortal sin committed in Brayer for weeks." He looked into his cup meditatively. "Satan," he added, "appears to have had our spite."

"You should feel uncomfortable."

The priest looked sternly at Prosper. "Should I?" he asked. Then he went on, "I am a man who likes to come to grips with the devil. I like to get my fingers around his collar—so! and squeeze. But I find, suddenly, that the devil has vanished. So I have been laughing and guessing."

He finished his coffee and stood up. "Right, I come here today to say two things: First, this account of plots would be commendable if it were due to a proper fear of God and not to a fear of man. Second, I suspect you are doing a dangerous—if not a criminal—thing. Sooner or later, the lid will blow off and you will be sitting on it. . . . Goodbye, Prosper, and thank you for the coffee."

Jean Piroet must have made good his threat, for Prosper's neighbors began treating him with increased tolerance and the girls stopped completely.

Then the sheriff, riding in a shiny new car that trailed a long cloud of shell dust, rolled into Brayer. He was a big man with a hearty laugh and a memory for names.

"It's a social visit," he announced in French, after which

there was much hand-shaking and back-sleeping. "There's an election next year," he explained with a smile, "and if you good people vote me out I'll have to go to work at something honest. So I've come down to buy a few votes."

Everybody laughed and the sheriff bought drinks all round.

Then he asked about Prosper. "I haven't seen him for years. Is he still here?" Several started to show him where Prosper lived, but he said only, "No, I can find it!" and walked alone down the barren trail past Grosche's field to the old Cajon's cabin.

They got down to business at once, those two.

"I have had my trip carefully, over many weeks," said Prosper. "As my lawyer told you, I am ready to tell it."

"Watch yourself as best!" The sheriff shook his head. "I don't like it, Prosper."

The old Cajon's eyes looked into the sheriff's with an intense, almost feral, light. "How else can I find the murderer of my son before I die?" he asked.

The officer shrugged. "I shall be here with a deputy on the night you name. I hope your scheme works."

"I shall expect you after dark, three days hence."

The natives of Brayer suspected everything but the truth. The modestly framed that the sheriff had heard of Prosper's book and had come to reprimand him.

The next morning Prosper got an answer to the letter he had written the book publisher. He opened it in Mercante's store and showed it around.

"Very happy to read the book manuscript you mention and to publish it upon mutually agreeable terms if it meets our needs."

Although the letter amounted to

a formal reply, the Captain of Brayers rose to it a bona fide offer to print Prosper's book. Jean Piret was thoroughly disconcerted.

That same afternoon, the word went around "Prosper is writing again." Up and down the haven, in every house, the reports spread. "Have you heard?" Prosper is writing again.

SOMETIME the news had an ominous sound. Gradually the gifts of food were returned. Even Jean Piret, who would not be duped, contributed several bottles of pepper sauce. But it was different now and the feeling grew that this could not go on for long, that something was happening.

And Prosper began crying quietly. He greeted his visitors with sudden reticence, looking for all the world like a man who has stumbled on the hidden gold of Jean LePitre.

To one he would whisper, "I have discovered something, men. Something big." And would say no more.

To another, "I never expected my book would solve a great mystery. It will be a sensation!"

And again, "Think how I write about the life of someone in Brayers." He would laugh malevolently and return to his work.

By nightfall Prosper's words had been repeated in every ear, exaggerated and distorted at each retelling.

What mystery did he mean? Whose life would be shortened? He was crazy—the words should be asked to look him up!

But there was much soul-searching in Brayers that night, a gnawing, creeping anxiety. And around some hearth the sharp fingers of fear glared.

Next day the tension grew worse. The villagers spoke little and laughed not at all. From time to

time one of them, bearing a gift, would walk through the shimmering misty-morning fog to Prosper's cabin. No one learned anything definite, but all came away more disturbed than ever by vague new hints.

"This man who will die—you know him well, Telegraph . . ." "It is not only a mystery, men, but it is a criminal mystery. . . ." "Tell the police! But why? I am not a lawyer. Besides, it is I who deserve the credit and my book which needs a smashing climax."

In the afternoon, "You have guessed correctly. I know the murderer of my son!" Tapping his manuscript, "It will all be here, Alas! . . . and—have no fear—as soon as it's finished, about two hours more, I shall take it to town and put it in the mail, under protection of federal law."

When this information reached the ears of the men for whom it was intended, several things would be quickly clear to him. First, he could not let Prosper mail this manuscript, for any evidence it contained would then be out of his reach forever; second, he could not afford to take the chance that Prosper was lying or that his clue was worthless; finally, somehow, he must keep Prosper from talking.

The old Captain chuckled and his thin chest swelled with pride. The murderer had to choose and every choice was evil.

An hour after nightfall Prosper heard the call of a bobwhite, clear and musical in the hazy air. The sheriff, having arrived by a circuitous route, was ready.

Prosper took his time. No need to hurry. If his scheme was working the murderer of his son was watching now, waiting for him to begin the long walk up the lonely beaver path to town. He tucked a thick brown envelope under his

arm, clasped a faded black felt hat on his head, blew out the gasolene lamp and walked bravely to the door.

It was cooler outside. Mosquitoes whined peacefully around his head. Baillifles spoke hoarsely. A wind creased in the swamp mist of the haven. Prosper moved off into the night, into the darkness he knew was waiting for him.

It would be a knife attack. The murderer would not risk the noise of a gun or the probability that the ship would be identified. He would strike stealthily.

Prosper knew this path like the palm of his hand, every turn, every spruce, every clearing of grass. He moved in soft-footed silence. He approached the shore—a dim, overarching shadow behind a bush beside the beaver—but gave no sign.

The deputy was probably somewhere ahead.

The path turned sharply and Prosper heard the uneasy rattling of the sheriff, following him now some fifty feet behind. Reaching the cornfield, Prosper was within twenty feet of the spot where his son had been slain when he heard a twig snap sharply near-by.

With no more warning, the blow fell. A sharp pain cut through Prosper's left shoulder and he toppled to the ground. The envelope was snatched from his grasp.

The sheriff heard the noise and crashed forward, shouting. His flashlight cut into the darkness too late to show him the turn in the path, and he sprouted headlong into the beaver.

Prosper heard the thud of run-



24

"Boy, will they be surprised to see me!"

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ning feet slapper into the turn-fall.

The sheriff, coming volubly, scribbled out of the wicker and pounded into the field. After a hurried search he returned and examined Prosper's wound.

"Hit the shoulder blade—may not be bad. How do you feel, Prosper?"

"The old Cajon nodded his head.

"My fault," the sheriff apologized. "Stupid. All my best over trap failed."

Prosper smiled faintly. "I did not feel completely, even now. He must show himself again presently. He is more desperate now than ever."

"We bungled the job but so did he—so that what you mean?"

Prosper closed his eyes and did not answer. It was not what he meant.

He heard the Deputy throwing around in the cornfield, heard him fire twice. Without result, for in a few minutes he came up breathing hard.

"He got clean away, sheriff. Grace so thank there may not even be our doghouse. How's Prosper?"

"Wound in the back," the sheriff replied. "And he lost the envelope. Help me carry him to his cabin."

"Oh, Thompson, isn't he?"

The sheriff nodded.

Prosper felt them believe it. Despite the sharp pain, he felt a grim satisfaction. For in his mind was a picture of his son's murderer tearing open the envelope to find in it only blank pages and realizing that he should have expected a trick, that the real manuscript was not there.

Agent questions would be crowding the murderer's brain. Was

Prosper still alive? Was he a chance to live? Was he able to talk? Where was the manuscript? How much did the sheriff know?

There was no chance of action here. Running away would be a confession of guilt, setting still would cost him his last chance of getting Prosper and the manuscript. He had been backed into a corner from which there was only one possible way to escape.

All Mayrers must have been lying still, waiting for the shot. Within five minutes, half a dozen Cajons had come to Prosper's cabin—and every minute added more. Pined, Macarvel, Quinter, Julia Collins—all old Prosper's neighbors came armed in the teeth. Pete Francisco, who had taken a cynical defender first-hand course, bargained Prosper's shoulder.

"He must stay in bed and have quiet, absolute quiet!" the old priest ordered, pushing everyone from the bedroom. "But someone must remain with him while I go to telephone a doctor."

Prosper heard a jumble of sounds then as several persons volunteered. He heard the sheriff organize working parties, the outline of part in the kitchen as somebody made coffee. Presently the searching parties left and sudden silence settled over the little house.

After two or three minutes the bedroom door opened and closed

quietly. A loose floor board squeaked nearby. Someone had entered and now stood behind the bed.

Prosper kept his eyes closed. He heard stifled breathing and sensed that he was being watched intently. Was this the murderer? Or had the murderer missed this perfect chance to strike?

Apparently convinced that Prosper still was unconscious, the intruder moved away. The old Cajon heard him tip-toeing outside the room, opening doors, ruffling through mattresses and papers, searching for something.

Prosper opened his eyes slightly. Through barely parted lashes he looked directly into the muzzle of a shotgun not four feet from his head.

The end of the barrel was at the far side of the window sill in Prosper's darkened corner of the room and the man behind it was invisible in the night outside.

Was it the murderer, the old Cajon wondered, lying in wait for a second ambush?

The barrel was pointed away from Prosper—pointed toward the back of the other man who, standing near the turned-down lamp, was oblivious to everything but the contents of a large brown envelope.

He had found the manuscript. As Prosper recognized it, the man turned abruptly, giving Prosper hardly time to close his eyes, ap-

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Cavalcade, November, 1934 23

Proper's voice was low. "My manuscript, Armand. Give it to me."

The protest died on Grestin's lips. He stood quiet, as expressionless as the corpse on the floor.

No one spoke, no one moved. No one seemed able even to breathe.

A cool wind stole across the room and the yellow lamplight flickered wearily.

Without warning, Grestin lurched out at Proper, knocked him sprawling. He still-armed his way past two surprised trespassers, bolted to the front door and onto the porch. He looked back waving down to the ladder steps and met empty air. Grestin sprang back onto the ground.

Immediately Pure Francoste was at his side. He caught the fugitive's arm and for a moment it was difficult to tell whether he was holding him down or helping him rise.

In that moment, the sheriff and the Cagans surrounded them.

"The steps!" Grestin cried angrily. "You took them away!"

The old priest nodded. He said quietly, "Yes, Armand, I was outside listening and passed your intention. Tomorrow every one is to believe for your trouble and I know that later you would regret it bitterly. So I locked the ladder aside."

Grestin's throat choked up suddenly and anger left him. His shoulders moved convulsively in great dry sobs.

"Everybody—even you, Pure Francoste—is against me!" He stared around the circle of faces. "But it was a mistake when I stabbed Proper's son—an accident! I swear it! I thought he was the one Grestin—"

"You killed Andie, too," the priest said.

"I was desperate, surrounded by my friends—all hunting me—and saw a chance. . . ."

Pure Francoste nodded. "Perhaps," he said, "the jury will be tolerant in any case, while God will not condone your deeds. He will know how to make due allowance for human frailties."

Grestin wept.

Under the white glare of flash-light, the sheriff searched Grestin frantically. Under the Cagan's hand, under the bed, he found the manuscript. He handed it to the priest to hold.

Proper came up, looking heavily on Pure's arm.

Pure Francoste said sternly, "I thought I left orders for you to stay in bed, Proper. The doctor is coming and will be here in an hour." Then, slowly, he thrust through the manuscript.

When Pure Francoste looked at Proper again his gaze was inscrutable. They were probably the only two men present who would have recognized the manuscript as a faithful copy, down to the last comma, of W. Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence*.

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Benson intended to squeal. If he did, it meant the chair for Barker. So Barker did a man job of "winged" words — he thought!

D O W N

CLIFF GASSON • FICTION

THE highway ribboned out white in the moonlight, and Barker, behind the wheel of the powerful black limousine, kept his foot hard on the accelerator pedal as the miles of quiet country terrain faded swiftly past.

Barker's face, in the faint illumination that came from the dashboard, was best, determined. His eyes were dark, sunken, hard. Ahead, a sharp curve ranked warningly toward him, but Barker did not release his pressure on the accelerator the slightest. The tyres screamed burningly and the limousine fought to stay within the limits of gravity as Barker took it around the curve at seventy.

The highway stretched straight again, and Barker's mind returned to the two letters regarding his uncle pocketed. The two letters from old Benson, both of which had been written to Barker. Barker could have repeated their content, word for word.

One of them was a confession—one that would send Barker to the chair, although Paul Benson couldn't see it.

Barker's teeth were tight in rage as he thought of that letter. He would see that no one but himself bore the brunt of it, would he? That was a laugh. Once the man were exposed, since the papers got on the news again, everything would come to light, whether Benson wanted it or not.

And if everything came to light, Barker would hang.

Benson was old, and his word was slipping. Out there on his lawless country estate, with nothing to do all day long but think, he had let his conscience start talking.

There was another sharp bend in the road, and Barker whipped the heavy car around it without ducking his speed, while the headlights caught a roadside sign in their glare for an instant.

"Martinsville," the sign said, "ten miles."

That was good. Benson's place was a little less than twenty miles this side of Martinsville. Barker looked at the clock on the dashboard. The luminous hands gave the time as eight o'clock. This was Thursday, and Benson's servants always left about this time on Thursday to spend their evening off at Martinsville.

Benson was twenty years older than Barker. They could have Benson and what the hell difference would it make? But if the old fool opened his mouth to implicate himself, Barker would hang with him. He didn't intend to let the law-born, manfully conscience of a rich old man send him to the gallows.

That was why Barker had the second letter with him. The letter which had been written months before the other. The letter Benson had written him on the occasion his illness took a definite turn for the

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ENT 12

was. This letter, too, Barker could have quoted from memory.

"Dear John,

"I have learned now that I will never again be completely well. The suffering that lies ahead of me seems unbearable. I don't think it would be cowardly to take the quick way out. If I do, please understand.

"Yours,

"Paul Benson."

The old Paul hadn't taken his life, of course. Barker had gone to him and talked him out of it. But now Barker was glad he had kept that note. It would lend the final touch of authenticity when found beside Benson's body.

It was a little better than half an hour later when Barker, looking certain that there were no other cars on this stretch of highway, turned off down the rutted back road that led to Benson's health estate. Barker had planned this in advance, also. For only after the job was done would he drive back out on to the highway and down a half-mile to the front entrance of the Benson estate. Then he would "discover" Benson's body.

Half a mile from the big house, Barker stopped his car and got out. Through the trees he could see that all the lights in the servants' quarters were off, and that only the drawing-room and the adjoining study were illuminated.

Barker went the rest of the way on foot, stopping once at the garage to make certain that the rich man's wagon and the other cars were gone.

He made his way across the lawn to the windows of the drawing-room.

There was no one inside. Only two lamps were lighted, and a fire crackled in the grate. Barker moved

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* Particulars of the "34 Common Errors" Course.

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* Cross out part not required.

"I'd taken them out of the car, of course," he said "in my excitement I left them there."

They broke the door in, and Barker followed on the heels of the corner and the sheriff as they made their way into Benson's study. Barker's horror at what they found was convincing.

"Seems like a clear enough case of suicide," the sheriff announced five minutes later. "He sure enough has been in rotten health, and that note gives enough explanation."

"Poor Paul," Barker choked.

The corner, still in the study with Benson's body, called to the sheriff. Barker slumped into a chair in the drawing-room and put his head on his hands. He suddenly realized that the corner was whispering to the sheriff.

He looked up. Looked up to see the dark, gray little figure of the sheriff, backed by the bespectacled robe of a corner, coming back into the room with a revolver in his hand pointed accurately at Barker. Barker started to run.

"No tricks, Master Miller," the sheriff drawled. "We're looking you for the murder of Paul Benson."

"Why, you're wrong!" Barker said hoarsely. "He's as plain a case of suicide."

"You're not suicide," the corner said dryly. "Not that in the left temple with a gun he held in his left hand."

"But he was left-handed!" Barker protested, feeling a sudden vast flood of relief. "You can get anyone who knows him well to tell you that!"

"I been declaring him for the last four months!" the corner, Doc Vane, said unflinchingly. "I know he was a left-handed man. He's had to use his right. Yes, complete paralysis set into his left arm just four weeks ago!"

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QUICK UIPS

Money is a necessary commodity. It is said that money talks, but it does not say anything to us except "goodbye." Maybe it would talk if it stayed around long enough to get acquainted.

Doctors say that poised notes carry germs. You can take that with a grain of salt—germs could not live on a poised note these days. We have to earn double the money now to live. And the way to double your money is to fold it over and pocket it.

In U.S.A. they use dollars; in India they use rupees, which reminds me that the caste system in India is regarded as something not done here. We do have a caste system here, though—singles out their lives. We had a champion movie-horse named Black Camo and we cast our money over horses who finish last but in India the caste system is different. They have some people called untouchables. And, of course, an untouchable is a man who has just paid his income tax.

On the subject of money, you know the expression, "Give me a penny for your thoughts." With some people it is just another example of wisdom. We have a girl in our office just like that.

We read where a doctor and poet strikes the body at its weakest point. That explains why our office girl always has a headache.

This girl is always tired. She says a day would be improved if it started at some time other than in the morning.

Actually our office girl likes to crack jokes. She laughed in our locker that she was witty. Still, he was half right.

To get back to money, it may not buy happiness, but if you have plenty of it, you can make your own choice of a wide variety of unhappiness.

As money and women go hand in glove, we return to women. And the topic of conversation was our office girl. She is a great hard lover. "You should always protect birds," she says. "The little dove brings peace and the stork brings little two exceptions."

Maybe you would like the name of our office girl? Well, it is "Gish Gish." It's a shock. Her parents meant to name her Sandra, but the minister fell into the trap. His name, incidentally, was McNoy. But ever since that incident he has been called "Fort-La-Roy."



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